

BOOK EXCERPT: Ian Stewart on getting shot in West Africa

Q&A: Sir Martin Gilbert on Churchill, Charles Bronfman and post-Sept. 11

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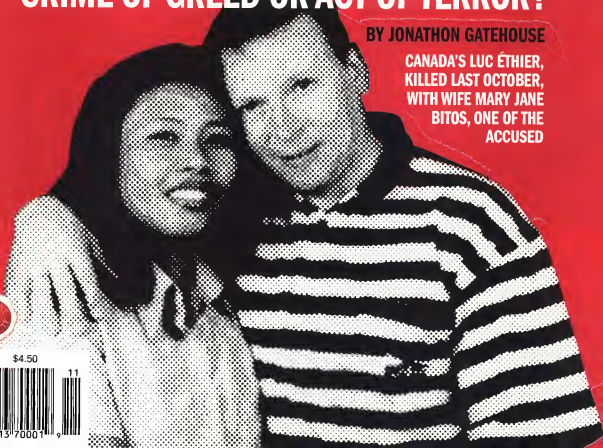
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MURDER MYSTERY IN KUWAIT

CRIME OF GREED OR ACT OF TERROR?

BY JONATHAN GATEHOUSE

**CANADA'S LUC ÉTHIER,
KILLED LAST OCTOBER,
WITH WIFE MARY JANE
BITOS, ONE OF THE
ACCUSED**



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This Week

March 18, 2002 Vol. 115 No. 11

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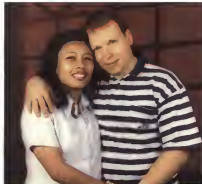
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MURDER MYSTERY IN KUWAIT

On Oct. 10, Canadian Luc Baskier was shot to death on the streets of Kuwait City. Authorities have charged his wife and five of her acquaintances with the killing, but the evidence is scanty. Was it a crime of greed—or an act of Middle East terror?

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36 The history maker Sir Martin Gilbert, one of the world's most respected and prolific historians, reflects on Churchill, Charles de Gaulle and post-9/11

44 Nightmares in West Africa Canadian journalist Ian Stewart made several trips to Sierra Leone to bring a brutal war to the world's attention. His luck ran out on Jan. 10, 1999.



Four photo features by Stephen Delaney: photos by La Tour in Berlin/CIP Photos; photo by David H. Jones in Berlin/CIP Photos; photo by David H. Jones in Berlin/CIP Photos; photo by David H. Jones in Berlin/CIP Photos

ROGERS

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From the Editor

Journalists on the battlefield

In my university days, I paid the bills by working part-time as sports editor of two Montreal community newspapers. For most of that time, the editor and sole full-time editorial employee was Kathleen Kenna. A couple of years older than me, she was fresh out of journalism school and thus, as now, understanding in pursuit of scores. She would do things like ask probing, inconvenient questions at local council meetings—which upset established practices—and she annoyed a lot of people in that way until they discovered that, along with her aggressiveness, she brought integrity, intelligence and fun to everything she wrote. After we both moved on, I wasn't surprised when she showed up at the *Newsweek* staff seven years later. Since then, she's had a great career, as, at various times, entertainment editor and *Washington* correspondent; last year, she became the *Sun*'s South Asian correspondent. Last week, as many readers know, Kenna was severely wounded in a grenade attack while on assignment in Afghanistan. As I write, she's being treated at an American military hospital in Germany.

It's been a brutal time recently to be a foreign correspondent. In addition to Kenna, there was, of course, the murder of Daniel Pearl of the *Wall Street Journal*. Other correspondents from elsewhere around the world have been killed or wounded at embassies or the sudden disappearance can erupt anywhere, anywhere in Afghanistan. In contrast with the carefully structured reports that you read or see about news events, the view from inside a combat zone is uncertain and chaotic, with no defined outcome or end. Elsewhere in this magazine (page 46) you get a sense of what such situations are like in veteran Canadian foreign correspondent Ian Stewart's recounting of the day he was shot while covering a firefight in western Sierra Leone in 1999.

responses@maclean.ca to comment on From the Editor

Whenever a reporter is hurt or killed in such a situation, there's inevitably a drawing together of the journalistic community and a lot of musing about the dangers "we" face. Those sentiments are sincere, but there's a problem with the last part of that equation. Most journalists live lives that are no more or less fraught than that of anyone else who works in an office. If any of those Hollywood movies about our lot reflected the mundane nature of most of our work, they'd put people to sleep well before the opening credits finished rolling.

On the other hand, foreign correspondents—especially those who frequent war zones—are a different breed of cat. Some do it for the adrenaline buzz of danger, some for the lure of new places and events, and some head into battle zones because, at least initially, they take those Hollywood movies to heart. All that aside, the best reason for putting your life on the line is simply that sometimes it's the only way to learn important stories.

An old friend, the late Russian journalist Anyev Borovik, used to accompany the elite Soviet *spetsnaz* commandos on special operations in Afghanistan in the 1980s. They were extraordinarily dangerous actions, Borovik wrote, he told me once, "scared all the time" while doing so, and thought his awareness and acknowledgement of his fear made him do a better job. In a way, that's how Kenna has always approached her work—regarding risk as an unavoidable by-product of the greater business of tracking down important stories. The great foreign correspondents approach their job that way: the rest of us, back here at home, value them.

Andy Weir

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Canadians in harm's way

The dedication of our Armed Forces under war conditions in Afghanistan is reminiscent of the dedication of our troops in the First and Second World Wars ("On guard in Afghanistan," Cover, March 6). The difference is, in those conflicts, the Canadian people and government put all their resources together to support them. Today, you could drop all enlisted personnel into



Canadian military to a game of dressing up. One can ask how this politically correct fiction would fare in sustained operations in sub-zero Arctic or tropical swamp conditions?

Henry Giblin, Durham, Ont.

I agree with Sally Armstrong's perception that it's a "dirty job" for Canada's men and women in uniform to be "on guard in Afghanistan," but should they really be doing the dirty work that a devoted American foreign policy has created? It is unseemly, unconscionable and unfair to place Canadian soldiers at risk in the Kandahar combat zone with the possibility of sacrificing them on the shoe of a highly questionable, unrepentant American foreign policy. Lester B. Pearson and Pierre Elliott Trudeau would not have been surprised.

Brian MacKenzie, Winnipeg

Arch Sheppard, Toronto, Ont.

Free Kandahar. Sally Armstrong's article brings home to us the horror of war: no recreation facilities, no television, no e-mail and (gasp!) no vermouth roses. Harrow piles on horror when we learn that Master Sgt. Tara Avey has to move out to a forward observation position with a smear of dirt on her lip and a smudge of mud on her nose. Vote-shaking politicians and advising feminist journalists have degraded the profession of arms in the

Holier than thou

I assume that Allan Fotheringham tried to elicit some spirited response by throwing out verbal bait ("The trouble with Israel," Feb. 25). Whether he is indulging himself in navel-gazing or the suffer from the "maniac moments" that afflict megalomaniacs, some correction is called for. Joe Clark never "almost walked into one of (the Canadian press) reporters' bylines." King Hussein did not keep the Clark party waiting 45 minutes because he was "unfamiliar" that the Conservative leader would have landed before his country. I arranged the Clark program with Hussein's protocol officer, and we knew of the possibility of a delay because the king was meeting the Emir of Abu Dhabi. Arab rulers do not sit a rule-drip everything for Canadian visitors. With reference to Israel "so-called settlements" on "disputed territory" on the West Bank, "disputed" is doubletalk by Prime Minister Ariel Sharon's flacks and the North American pro-Israel lobby. By comparing those fortified, tank-protected encroachments to suburban expansion in West Vancouver or

Our classy neighbours

Now that we've had time to absorb our Olympic successes, it's time to praise and reflect ("How sweet it is," Cover, March 11). First, forget the oft-ballyhooed 50-year hockey gold drought. It's only since Nagano that we have been allowed to see our best players—a privilege the Europeans, especially the East Bloc, enjoyed throughout. Second, we owe a big vote of thanks to those same old-fashioned Americans. Without a doubt the awarding of the dearly earned gold to skaters Jennie Salo and David Pelletier was due to the powerful and unerring intervention of the U.S. media and public opinion. And what about the often abusive Jeremy Roenick's gracious and generous praise of Victor Caines and Mike Modano's searing Canadian coach Ken Hitchcock for congratulations while both asked from the agony of just losing the game of their lives? Class acts indeed. So a tip of the national hat to our American neighbours. I wonder if we would have done as much for them.

A.B. Hefley, Calgary

Markham, Dr. Feth exhibits what he charged Joe Clark with a "spiral of Middle East politics."

Anthony Gherasimovic, Ottawa

When Dr. Feth decides to take on the bullies and thugs of the world he never hesitates to say our loud what so many of us only dare to hint at. There are a great many people today who regard organized religion, viewing it with the same distrust that sustain him to the drinking water in a host of foreign countries.

William Chagnon, Toronto, Ont.

Allan Fotheringham's bias regarding the situation in the Middle East is shared by many people, religious and non-religious. The seemingly perpetual cycle of violence leads us all to question the description of this troubled region as the Holy Land. It is therefore more deeply troubling when this violence leads to the blanket condemnation of religious belief exposed in the conclusion of Fotheringham's column. The vast majority of the members of the

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The Mail

Abrahamic faiths of Judaism, Christianity and Islam are guided not by the advocates of terror and armed confrontation but by the prophetic words of Micah, "What does the Lord require of you, O anointed, but to do justice, and to love kindness, and to walk humbly with your God?" It is this conviction that motivates us to work for economic justice and political freedom for all of God's children.

Rev. Michael G. Lugg, St. Vincent



The women celebrate their golden triumph

My hat off to Allan Fotheringham for seeing the obvious, namely that "God" is a highly diverse figure of our imagination.

David DeWitt, Calgary

Savouring success

I would like to congratulate all Canadian Olympians who participated and proved to be savoring the process in their savoring fourth-place finish ("How sweet it is", Cover, March 11). The feeling was over whelming to watch both hockey teams win the gold. The whole country celebrated. For me, as a recent Canadian, it was a great experience of Canadian spirit. I feel proud to be Canadian.

Ornella Cecchini, London, Ont.

Thank you for a great Olympics commemorative issue. I now have to buy a new fridge to put up all the pictures!

Patricia Moroz, Milwaukee, U.S.

As a volunteer at the Olympics here in Salt Lake City, I was able to meet and interact with many people from Canada at the E-Games, where most of the hockey games were held. I always looked forward to the days when Team Canada would play so that I could be with the fans! It was difficult for me to choose a favourite in both gold-medal games because of the friendship of those Canadians. I feel like I have a second home in your great country because of the people I met during the Games and I truly look forward to the day when I can visit Canada.

Norio Kamekuchi, Iwata, Japan

As a Canadian living in the U.S., I have never been so proud of my country as I was during the Olympic Games. Not only did our athletes put on superb performances, but they showed the world what a class we are. My husband and I have been unaf-

raid ambassadors for Canada during the past 18 months, and were happy to continue in that role as we explained the finer points of curling to our southern neighbours. My heart race has finally allowed to a regular beat following the hockey matches, both women's and men's, and we have rightfully cheered the stars as the best in the world. Thank you, *Midweek*, for making us feel a bit less homesick, with the wonderful coverage of all our athletes. Our Magic Leap fans have been flying high.

Lisa C. Hines, Rochester, Minn.

I don't mean to be a stick-in-the-mud, but can someone explain to me how this country can become so incredibly euphoric and jubilant over Canada's \$5-million-per-year Olympic hockey investments bearing the American embassies in the quest for, as far I can see, a tarnished gold medal? One really should take a moment to view the American "miracle on ice" gold-medal team of 1980, or at least our own 1972 summer series with the Soviet Union. Then maybe we could gain better perspective into the true meaning behind Olympic competition and spirit, not the purely r/f become.

Don Newell, Toronto

Victorious women and men

I was thrilled with our Olympic men's and women's hockey wins. But I was dismayed with your decision to put the men on your magazine cover, while the women got the back page ("Games to remember" Cover, Mar. 11, 2001). They shared the glory of the gold. Couldn't they have shared your front cover too?

Yvonne Adair, Toronto

Mario Lamieau, representing the men's team, runs the front cover while Danielle Goyette for the women's team is relegated

to the back cover. The men get a full, two-page photo inside, the women are given a half page. From biased judging to biased journalism—so what else is new?

Charlotte Wilson, Toronto, Ont.

The Editor replies

The March 11 issue of *Midweek* was not our first celebrating Canada's gold medal in women's hockey. We covered that exciting victory over the U.S. again in the previous edition, dated March 4, including a much larger version of the on-ice team photo that appeared in the commemorative issue. Taken together, the two issues gave the women every bit as much coverage as the men. As for Marie Lemieux gracing the March 11 cover, it's hard to dispute certain facts: the men's victory was more "new" (having three days after the women's), and after our previous issue closed, it drew a larger TV audience, sent thousands of delicious fans into the streets and ended a 50-year drought in men's hockey gold. They were both great accomplishments and each team celebrated the other's triumph.

What's cooking?

As a huge *Loseweight Cray* Place fan, I would just like to say that your article on the issue of cookbook writers and authors Janet and Gretchen Podolski was great ("Cray like flies," Business, March 4). What I do not understand, however, is why you would then do a complete 180 and give them product such a poor review ("Crash Cray Place reviewed") I have read all the *Cray Place* books from start to finish and have to say they are wonderful.

Margi Rabin, Toronto, Ont.

Animal welfare

I am appalled at the thought that proper animal welfare legislation would even allow for exotic animals to be kept in hotels, resorts and a zoo for eight months of the year ("Cane on and safari with Shannon," Overland, March 4). Using animals in educational programs may be nothing new, but compromising the welfare of the animals for such a purpose is a highly debatable endeavor. Under the guise of education, roadside attractions such as the *Flamingo* with little evidence to show their merit.

Andrew Ong, Singapore, Ont.

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Ever (back row, by Jacki Anderson) expect to be active as she frolics?

Liesl—von Trapped in her role

Caroline Carr is a master, grandmaster, actor, mother of two boys, interior designer, but is most, and especially so, the Grand of Music. Carr, well, at ways be Liesl—the beautiful 16 going on 17-year-old daughter of the von Trapp family, in *Sound of Music* for the second season opening of the blockbuster Song & Lang Sound of Music show, Carr was immersed in all things *Sound of Music* again. And with pictures, chore and a lot of other stuff in front of her Carr SA, behind some familiar song lyrics started by Carr's Assistant Editor Amy Carrera.



Liesl going on 17

When I was 16 going on 17, I was in a play and now as Liesl was. And I would never have been in *Sound of Music* if I had not.

Small and white, clean and bright is the best way to describe... "my little Emma. My granddaughter. She is small and white and very bright."

I must have done something good when... "I decided to give up acting and have two daughters."

When you read you begin with A-B-C, when you see you begin with... "a lot of love and good grace."

The title is mine... "with the dream of money for 20th Century-Fox."

Riding the wave of T Bone mania

The hottest producer in pop music—if that's the right term for the successful bluesman of the Q *Acoustic*, Where Art Thou? CD—is T Bone Burnett. And nobody is happier about the wave of acclaim for the American studio legend than *Caroline Strong*, the Canadian co-president of Burnett's brand-new label, DMC Music. The deal to create DMC as a joint venture with Columbia Records was finalized in late February—just in time for the T Bone mania that spread in advance of this year's Grammys, where Burnett, 54, was named producer of the year for the Q *Acoustic* soundtrack. The *Flanzenberg* Co. brothers—Burnett, the movie producer, and *And* his director—are also partners in DMC.

Strong's credentials for joining forces with the likes of Burnett and the Coens were earned in the cult world of indie recording. About six

years ago, The Watershed Label decided to pursue a music-lover's dream by founding NewWest Records Inc. The company succeeded on the strength of its indie artists, including indie rockers *Billy Joe Shaver* and bluesman *Gilbert McClellan*—exactly the sort of acts Burnett respects. DMC will be driven by the same taste for the authentic, but with Burnett's creative stamp. "T Bone's T Bone" Strong says. "He has a keen eye and personality all his own."

Strong, 36, has been leading NewWest out of Los Angeles for over three years, and plans to stay in L.A. as he moves to DMC. But his ties to home will give the prestigious new label a Canadian connection. In May Strong plans to bring T Bone to Vancouver for the New Music West festival, an indie showcase for co-industry musicians. Music/Watershed bands start polishing up demo tapes.

It's not easy being green

It's the longest consecutively running St. Patrick's Day parade in the world. This March 17, Montreal's high community, all decked out in shamrocks, will parade down St-Catharines Street for the 13th year now. "The torch is passed on through the generations," says the city's parade director *Stephen David*. "We're proud of our Irish roots, that's what makes the parade going." Well, that, and a custom determination to march on through snow, sleet and political controversy.

In the newly published *The Wearing of the Green: A History of St. Patrick's Day*, authors *Mike Green* and *David Atkin* tell how the Montreal parade got started. Despite concerns over, among other things, Paganism, and how in 1877, Toronto disagreed with the annual ritual over violent clashes between Catholics and Protestants, but resumed its parade in 1988. An engaging mix of history and lore, *The Wearing of the Green* looks at St. Patrick's Day festivities around the world. It also explores the Celtic myths that have grown up around the saint—a Paganism—as the anniversary of his death evolved



Montreal's Irish parade

from a religious feast to a boisterous secular event, notorious for green beer and "Kiss Me I'm Irish" buttons. St. Patrick's Day has lost much of its spiritual meaning, but that, the authors suggest, is one of the reasons it's thriving. "It's a day when everybody can be Irish," says Green—even the Caribbean band playing *Dirty Boy* on its latest tour through the streets of Montreal.

Stacey Doyle-Dingler



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ROGERS

Over to You LINDA LEWIS



My bad old boy

It's spring, do season, and it's finally time to put my foot down. Well, somebody has to. As my grinning, grinning husband twins a bony ankle into the snowboard binding, ready for another \$389.180 on the half-pipe, I may just do a 360 right onto here.

You see, he hasn't been able to put his foot down for months—or should I say, for "White on 'business' in British Columbia, in the middle of May, this boy on about (one of those 40-year-olds known in snowboarder parlance as "peeps on trips") hit the slopes, and the slopes hit him, in the shape of a block of ice the size of a TV. By surprise, to a doctor riding the chairlift at Whistler told a friend of mine, at 40 your risk of injuring yourself snowboarding is 700 per cent.

For three days, Steve continued to attend the conference, neglecting to tell his wife this minor detail of two broken ankles. Back home in Toronto, with a scrippled full of rental surgically stacked into his sofa and sofa, he spent the summer in a wheelchair, unable to come upstairs for two months. That meant no handling kids' bedtime for our bedtime, for that matter. Actually, it was kind of nice having my own bathroom for a few months, but the clouds definitely obscured any other lining.

You may have seen the movie *The Tin of Steve*. It should have been called *The One of Steve*. Anyone track with a Steve knows what I mean. For example: when generous friends built him an outdoor shower, he insisted on getting into it without any human help, just a little aid from an electric account he could sit on, sort of, and manipulate on his own. Well, picture that account, unoccupied, suddenly crashing into a barbecue—and a middle-aged guy, back ended except for two gas, forced into burn-erowing out of the shower and along the back deck. You get the idea. While I chafed him to phyton, he actually called his motorcycle repairman to see when his bike would be ready (his inability to ride that "donor cycle"—as motorcycle surgeons have been known to call the thing—was the thin detail I'd been hanging onto).

Sometimes I wish the story to it all. One lovely June evening, I introduced a friend to Steve's brother, Dave (who lost a leg in a motorcycle accident at 16), while he wheeled Steve around at our children's soccer game. "Notice how they don't even look alike," I pointed out to her. "Yeah," she said to my brother-in-law, "at least you've got two working ankles." "No," Dave

devotedly replied, "I only have one!"

Over time, though, the humor has worn a tad. That boyish beard I fell in love with at 25 has lost a little luster, through 15 years of bungee jumping and triathloning, of standing by the man with the last allegory to bees who is the first morning the bumble in the backyard. If you're married to a Steve, you know all about the guy pushing the envelope (or bungee upside down from it).

And when you're wondering if he headed one ball too many at a kid on the soccer field, if he's battered a few brain cells, you're on the right track, he is, after all, of a certain species that scientists are interested in. In the late 1990s, researchers in the United States

and Israel uncovered a possible connection between the "novelty-seeking" personality trait and a single variant in a gene on chromosome 11 that regulates dopamine, a chemical messenger involved in the brain's relationship to motor movements—and rewards.

Closer to home, research at the University of Guelph has shown that:

- Boys (compared with girls) tend to underestimate the likelihood of being hurt, as well as how badly they could be hurt in a risky situation.
- Boys are more likely than girls to attribute injuries to bad luck rather than bad judgment.
- One of the best predictors of risk-taking behaviour for girls is their perception of how likely they are to be hurt; for boys it is how badly they could get hurt.

As the poster girl for moderation—the kind of person who can stand jaywalking a crime and sleep her dogs on microscopic bits—I find this all rather hard to swallow. But ultimately, I know we may be meant for each other. I must reveal that, at age 16, I broke both legs my first time skiing—albeit at the bottom of a bunny hill in a Toronto suburb. There is hope, too, for the next generation. At the playground, while I'm shouting at our kids, "Come down from there! Don't climb so high!" Steve's urging, "Go for it! To the top!" Let's hope they meet somewhere in the middle—in between someone named Steve, and someone normal, namely myself.

When not attempting to edit her husband's behaviour, Linda Lewis edits Today's Parent magazine.

The Week That Was



After the bombing, looting among India's Muslim population

Fears of more religious violence in India

India trembled for more bloody clashes between Hindus and Muslims as aid workers continued to dig bodies from the charred ruins of houses across the western state of Gujarat. The violence began on Feb. 27 when Muslims in the city

of Godhra set fire to a train carrying Hindu pilgrims who were returning from a controversial religious site in the northern city of Ayodhya. Nearly 60 people died in the fire, which immediately triggered a wave of reprisal killings that lasted a week

and left almost 700 people dead and some 50,000 homeless.

The disputed site at Ayodhya was once a mosque. But in 1992, Hindu mobs tore down the 16th-century building. In the years following religious violence in which 3,000 people died, now Hindu extremists want to build a temple at the site.

They plan to hold a prayer meeting there on March 30 and that could result in further bloodshed—so aid workers tried to convince frightened Muslims to return to their homes. "These people are too shaken," said one aid worker in Ahmedabad, Gujarat's main city. "They were victims of barbaric acts."

House Deena Choudhary as the De assembly chairman in November's congressional elections.

The search continues

Vancover police and RCMP allegedly uncovered evidence that a Port Couperline B.C. pig farm is the site where two of 50 missing Vancouver women were murdered. Officials have appeared to families of the missing women for information about clothing and personal items they may have had with them when they disappeared. Police have charged Robert Pickens, 33, with two counts of first-degree murder in the deaths of Seneca Aldousky 30

and Mona Wilson 20. A massive search continues as the inquiry

Pastor convicted

A British jury found a pastor and his daughter guilty of killing six family members and destroying their copies in chemical disinfectant. Andrea Pandy, 44, received a life sentence while his daughter Agnes 44, was sentenced to 21 years in prison. Prosecutors said Pandy raped his daughters and strangled them, then murdered some of them to cover up the worst. At the trial, prosecutors said a doctor demonstrated how a human body could be dissolved in disinfectant.

Womb transplanted

Doctors in Saudi Arabia have performed the first human uterus transplant, which produced two identical twins before it failed and had to be removed. The experiment endeavored a womb transplant is technically achievable. The operation, reported in the International Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology, failed because a blood vessel supplying the uterus developed a clot. Dr. Yusef Faghy, a professor at King Abdulaziz University in Jeddah, said the wife of a 46-year-old woman who had a hysterectomy and implanted it in a 26-year-old who had lost her uterus after a difficult childbirth.

Embryo research a go

The Canadian Institutes of Health Research issued new federal guidelines that will allow Canadian scientists to perform stem cell research on human embryos, provided the embryos are left over from treatment for infertility. The guidelines,

however, bar the creation of an embryo specifically for research. Until now, there has been a voluntary moratorium on human embryo research. Embryonic stem cells have the ability to develop into almost every type of tissue in the human body and have great potential for treating such diseases as diabetes and Alzheimer's. But they can be obtained only from embryos that are destroyed in the process.

Straight from the heart

A nine-month break at the renowned *Newsweek* Business Review after its editor acknowledged she had a romantic relationship with business guru Jack Welch. Stacy Wetzel, 42, said she interviewed the 66-year-old former chairman of General Electric Co., then developed a relationship with him. After Welch's notified a superior, other staffers interviewed Welch, and their version was published in the February issue. *Newsweek* stepped down

as ethical wrangling but said she will return in April. Welch, author of the best-seller *Jack: Straight from the Gut*, is married. Wetzel is divorced.

Officer murdered

While thousands of police officers from across Canada and the United States paid homage to slain commander Brent L. Cooper, a man sought in the killing strident on a couch in a Montreal apartment, Police found Stephen Boucher, 24, after receiving a telephone tip. Boucher was charged with first-degree murder. L'Cooper, a seven-year member of the Montreal force, was gunned down on Feb. 28 after he and his partner chased a car that went through a speed trap.

Romanow hits the road

Roman Senkatchewer premier Roy Romanow headed back to his old stomping ground to look off the first of 15 public hearings to be held across Canada. The federal Commission on the Future of Health Care in Canada heard diverse views from a variety of groups, politicians and individuals at Regina and Winnipeg in an interim report released in February. Romanow outlined options for reforming Canada's health care system, including more funding, user fees and peace-sector participation. The commission will release a final report in November.

Stoely resolve

The United States angered Europe and other trading partners by levying tariffs of up to 30 per cent on steel imports, claiming producers such as South Korea and China

Passages

Dead: In 1967, Bryan Fogarty was a first-round draft pick of the Quebec Nordiques, chosen even before **Joe Sakic**. After he'd played in Quebec City, Pittsburgh and Montreal, Fogarty's NHL career ended amid alcohol problems like they moved on to European leagues. Fogarty, 32, died of a enlarged heart while vacationing in Myrtle Beach, S.C.



Awarded: Canadian authors received more than \$75,000 at the first Coast Literary Awards by the Writers' Trust of Canada. Two big winners were Ottawa-born **Norman Levine** (*The Angled Road*), who won the Matt Cohen Award for a lifetime of distinguished work, and Winnipeg-based author **Margaret Savulonis** (*When Alice Lay Down With Peter*), who won the Rogers Writers' Trust Fiction Prize.

Dead: **Philly MacDonnell** was the chief of staff for **Barack Obama**, senior adviser to **Joe Clark** and was appointed to the Senate by **Brian Mulroney**. Born in Sydney, N.S., MacDonnell was a founding director of the CTV Television Network. **Luck MacDonnell**, 79, died of a heart attack in a Seattle hospital.

Released: Indian author **Arundhati Roy** spent one night in a New Delhi jail and paid a \$25 fine after being convicted of contempt of court. The 1997 Booker Prize winner (*The God of Small Things*) was protesting the Supreme Court's approval of the Narendra Modi, a massive hydroelectric project. Had Roy not paid the fine, she would have faced three months in jail. But Roy, 43, claims she made her point and did not want to be a martyr.



Taking on the world: Twenty-seven Canadian Paralympians joined nearly 450 athletes from 36 countries at the opening ceremony of the Paralympic Winter Games, which ran until March 30 in Salt Lake City.



U.S. troops in action; Russia being helped from her car (below)

A deadly showdown with Al-Qaeda fighters

Canadian soldiers guarding the sprawling military base at Kandahar had been growing frustrated by the lack of action. But last week, nearly 20 soldiers from the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry were thrown into the thick of the battle when they were transferred to Gards in the eastern mountains of Afghanistan, the scene of some of the most intense fighting since the U.S.-led coalition against terrorism began bombing the country on Oct. 7. An estimated 1,500 Al-Qaeda and Taliban fighters, based up in mountainous bases once used by the mujahideen during their war against the Soviets in the 1980s, were engaged in a bitter fight against coalition forces, and reports that hundreds

of sympathizers—including some from Pakistan—had crossed into the area to join the battle. The soldiers from the Princess Patricia's joined members of Canada's elite Joint Task Force 2 already deployed in the area. Along with U.S. troops, they face a foe that appears to be dug in for a final battle. "We'll die there to the last," said American Maj. Gen. Frank Hageman, who is directing the coalition forces. "That we're aware of is willing to kill them." The assault on the stronghold began on March 1, and U.S. spokesmen said the fighting could go on for days. By week's end, hundreds of Al-Qaeda and Taliban fighters had been killed, but eight Americans and seven Afghan troops had also died



Seven of the U.S. deaths occurred after two MH-47 Chinook transport helicopters touched down high in the mountains near an Al-Qaeda hideout. The helicopters came under heavy fire, so they took off one soldier fell out. Two other helicopters were then sent in for a rescue attempt, but were ambushed. A Soviet battle report, which noted nearly 12 hours later with the death of the Al-Qaeda forces, but with the U.S. suffering its worst single-day casualties since the war began

In Kabul, meanwhile, five protesters—two German and three Swiss—died when a Soviet missile they were trying to defuse exploded. And reporting on the war the continues to be a dangerous assignment. So far, eight journalists have died in Afghanistan. Last week, Kathleen Kovacs, South Asian bureau chief for the Toronto Star, suffered serious leg injuries when a man tossed a hand grenade into the car she was riding in. Kovacs, her husband Ed Stedman and Star photographer Bernard Well had been in Gards covering the fighting. She was flown to a U.S. military base in Pakistan, Germany, where doctors appeared to attempt to save her leg. At work and she remained in serious condition.



Peter C. Newman

Paul Martin's path to power

The dirty little secret at the core of the insurrection tearing apart the Liberal Party of Canada is this: providing the vote is held by secret ballot, Paul Martin now controls enough delegates to oust Jean Chrétien at the leadership review, due to be held in February 2003.

To comprehend how this extraordinary coup d'état was planned and executed, go back to the early 1990s when Martin was the underdog in the race to succeed John Turner. At the time, John Rae, the senior Power Corp. executive from Montreal, who remains Chrétien's most influential strategist, went delegate hunting in the West. In an extended and largely covert campaign, he took control of the Liberal party in the region's four provinces. He signed up enough new party members to swing the vote at the convention, held in Calgary on June 23, 1990, guaranteeing a Chrétien victory.

Determined that history will not repeat itself and keep him away from the prize he (and his father) covered all their political lives, the finance minister has over the past three years mobilized his own delegate-hunting machine in Western Canada. His political command has rounded up the majority of the region's delegates, plus the liberal arm in Ontario. In this effort, they have been aided in great measure by the lenient rules that allowed anybody who met a junkyard dog to become an instant Grit. (The junkyard dogs went AWOL.)

Then, Martin's secret-and-deceit-by-squad turned rough. Having believed what they believe to be their winning quest, they suddenly got religion, realizing that the recruitment rules he made much rougher and very much more complicated. (Not retroactively, of course.) A strong objection came from Toronto power broker David Smith, who along with party president Stephen LeDrew regularly delivers the massive Ontario sweep that have remained Chrétien in power over the past decade. Smith and LeDrew negotiated a compromise with Tim Murphy, the well-connected Bay Street lawyer Martin recently brought in as his new executive assistant.

The deal would have allowed other contenders, then including the impatient Brian Tóibín, to sign up new delegates according to rules that approximate the more lenient parameters of the past. The compromise still gives Martin the edge, at least for Ontario, which has the most delegates. Tóibín, asking that his chances for gold had evaporated, promptly quit politics. (His decision to exit was also encouraged by Chrétien's choice of John Manley as deputy prime minister.) Tóibín, meanwhile, has just signed a book deal with Penguin Canada.

He has a choice of adding all or decimating the bookstore remainder tables.

Allan Rock, the newly crowned minister of industry, also had the guts to speak out publicly against the Martin-captivated restrictions, realizing that his own run for the seat had hit a brick wall. Unfortunately for Rock, Warren Kinsella, his chief strategist, for whom the description "loose cannon" was awarded, delisted the impact of the minister's opposition by gratuitously playing the racial card.

"I truly hope we'll be able to change the rules inside the party," Rock told me during an interview last week. "It's an essential issue of principle. I want to go back to the point where we were able to recruit new members more freely. Leadership campaigns and elections are typically times when we should grow the membership of the party."

"I think of my own experience in 1993. I was totally unknown. I was motivated to run for office because I was concerned for the country. I wanted to run in Etobicoke Centre, a Toronto constituency where the riding association was controlled by a group hostile to me. The executive was a single-issue group, almost all anti-choice people. So I started in January, 1993, and went door to door for two weeks, to friends, neighbours and strangers. I had 30 coffee parties over 45 days, and signed up almost a thousand members. But if it's current, impossibly complicated rules had been in place, I couldn't have succeeded."

What Rock didn't say but makes the point even more strongly, is that if the arcane procedures now being changed by the Martin forces had been in place in 1968, Pierre Trudeau would have been prevented from running for the leadership, and the Liberal party would have missed its shining hour.

Rock has been when he charges that Martin's people were the rule changed. "Because of us those decades ago, and only the people inside the party vote. Paul feels he has it sewn up."

He adds: "What happened last fall is that I convinced the election of the federal party executive in Manitoba and I spent three months recruiting people. We beat Martin with 60 per cent of the vote. Scared the beyond out of his whole organization. Then I took them on an Alberta riding and beat them there, too. After that, we beat them for regional vice-presidents in Alberta, by out-recruiting and out-handling them. They discovered it's much easier to close the door than take on the other side—and that's what they're trying to do."

It's a pretty very so man Canada governing party.

MURDER MYSTERY IN KUWAIT

WHO REALLY KILLED CANADA'S LUC ÉTHIÉ LAST OCTOBER?

Cover

BY JONATHAN GATEHOUSE in Kuwait

The female police, dressed in black, head-to-toe abaya and veil, stands at the foot of the hospital bed, dipping so from a Thomson like an angel of death on a coffin handle. Her heavily made-up eyes—the only visible part of her anonymity—flash between the Arabic victory show on the television and her prisoner, but it's obvious that it will be some time before Mary Jane Bana is in a position to make any sudden moves. Stokerson then and twisted like a pencil, the 28-year-old is still undergoing surgery and treatment for the three gunshot wounds she suffered last Oct. 10—the night she and her Canadian husband, Luc Éthié, were gunned down in their Kuwait City suburb.

Éthié's grinning image beams from the bedside table as Bana talks about what happened that night and since. How she tried to cover his bloody body with her own, how she begged the ambulance driver to take him first. The three frantic days in hospital before the doctors finally told her her husband was dead.

The story unfolds our faster and faster. The Kuwaiti man she identified four times in police lineups as the killer. The charges that were instead brought against her and six other Filipinos—some good friends, others nodding acquaintances—for Éthié's murder. The trial that could eventually see her executed on the gallows by the same watchful women at the end of the bed. "When the police are here I talk to Luc's picture," Bana coos. "I say, 'Luc, help me!' I say, 'I know I have to be strong for you, huh.'"

Is the frail woman in the bed a victim of terror or a cold-blooded murderer who orchestrated her husband's slaying, for a US\$80,000 death benefit? Bana takes a rare breath and looks her dark eyes with the first civilian visitor she has been allowed since early November. Éthié's friends and family in Canada shouldn't believe what has been written in the papers, she says. "The police were always taking me about the insurance, but I'm not after the money I married him because I loved him," she pleads. "I didn't take advantage of him—all Luc's family is not true, because I really loved their son."

Since that meeting with Michael in late January, Bana and four of her co-defendants have been released on their own recog-



manor. But the murder charges are still pending, and their oil incomes on April 30, in the tiny oil-rich emirate. That's the backdrop description news reports always seem to use for Kuwait. Money always seems to be the word. The Persian Gulf state is worth in oil dollars "top-of-the-line BMWs, Mercedes, Porsches and monstrous 4x4s" designed along the expatriate. There are vast American-style malls, gleaming skyscrapers, palatial seaside villas, and enough gold shops to throw that commodity status on a practical metal step seven question. The whole place appears to have been built from scratch since oil became global king in the early 1970s. Foreign workers, lured by the chance to earn a better living than they can at home, are what keeps the country running, making up an estimated 65 per cent of the 2.2-million population.

Luc Edher came to Kuwait in December, 1999, for the same reason almost everyone else does. He rose that doubted the after-tax income he'd been earning as an aviation electronics technician in the Canadian Forces for the previous 15 years. He joined several colleagues from CFB Bagnerville and dozens of other former servicemen from the U.S., Britain, Australia and New Zealand at the Ahmed Al Jaber Air Base, helping to maintain the Kuwaiti Air Force's fleet of F-18 fighter jets.

Friends and co-workers in Canada and Kuwait all use the same set of words to describe Edher: Quiet, shy, mysterious. One of his former colleagues at Bagnerville, in Quebec's Saguenay region, worked side-by-side with the 36-year-old Montrealer for four years and lived only a couple of doors away, but says, "I didn't really know him that well." Around the base, most people remember him for the mini-construction 1980s-era Lincoln Continental he drove and fished over increasingly.

Uncovered, precisely a month later, Edher seemed unlikely to raise anyone's eyebrows. He wasn't the kind of guy to look for trouble. Says Master Cpl. Ron Roy, one of his former bosses, "That's what his friends would be. They were like, 'Luc Edher! He was straight as an arrow.'"

Edher and Basso met at a Christmas party just a couple of weeks after he landed in Kuwait. Basso, who had served from the Philippines that October, was working as a waitress at a local restaurant and living with a cousin, attending home alone all of



Basso (with Edher, above) says, "I didn't take advantage of him—he's lovely. It's not true, because I really loved their son." Her sketch of the alleged assailant.

her marriage psychosis to support her mother and grandmother (salaries for foreign workers in Kuwait are largely tied to their country of origin). Filipinos, East Indians and Bangladeshis who mostly work as drivers, nurses and domestics, are at the bottom of the scale, earning between 40 and 60 Kuwaiti dinars a month—\$320 to \$300. Friends say Basso was Edher's perfect match: quiet, devoutly religious, the kind of girl who preferred to sit at home and watch TV, or listen to love songs on the radio.

Coming off of a recent breakup with a boy-to-girlfriend who had stayed behind in Quebec, Edher was noticeably cast out about Basso. In the first few weeks of the blossoming romance, he even took some off work to check up on her. "He wanted to marry her and take her back to Canada. He wanted to make sure that she loved

him 100 per cent," says Art Baker, a co-worker at the air base. "He wanted to make sure that she wasn't going to use him for money or a visa."

Whatever Edher found, he must have been satisfied. That spring, he asked his company to provide him with his own apartment, and he and Basso quickly set up house. There are boxes filled with the love letters they exchanged during their courtship, endearingly crafted in their common second language. Edher signed himself "Lucy." "My love for you is not artificial, but well increased [sic] into the deepest part of my heart," he wrote in one. "My love is affable and it's burning for you." Basso was "Cookin'." All of her letters are God to protect their relationship.

Early in 2001, the couple approached Basso's cousin, Luma Ota, and her American husband, Lonnie Hamilton, and quietly asked permission to get married. They made a conversion of convenience to Islam to ease the process, and were wed in a private ceremony. It was months before most of their friends even found out about their change in status.

Edher was a protector sort of guy. He often complained to friends about the way Kuwaiti men would stare at Basso on the street, or how they propositioned her when he wasn't around, sometimes even brandishing waves of bills. The Kuwaiti attitude towards Asians was one of the main reasons Edher had decided not to renew his contract with DynCorp, the U.S.-based defense contractor that employed him. He and Basso were planning to remain in Canada when his term was due in December, 2001. They were talking about buying a house in Deserontoville, Que., and maybe having Edher's parents, who are both in poor health, move in with them. They would often ask the men, looking at mid-eastern pages and checking out the tourist attractions in Montreal and Quebec City that they planned to visit together. Basso seemed enthralled at the prospect of building her first snowman.

No one in their circle—his friends, her friends—can recall any friction between them. No arguments over money or the planned move. No secret confessions of doubt or unhappiness. No obvious move for the cold-blooded murder plot Basso allegedly engineered under every-one's noses. "They were like the ideal cou-



Mutairi (without headress) was released on the same day authorities issued a statement saying Edher and the others had confessed

ple," says Lonnie Hamilton. "They were always together. They were so much in love with each other it was sadening."

"I never saw them fight—they were always very close," says Bernat Razad, Edher's best friend in Kuwait. "She would follow Luc around at parties." Razad, a former Canadian Forces colleague, helped Edher get his job at DynCorp. In October, Edher got his body back in Canada. "It's so hard to believe. I don't care what the police say. I don't think she had anything to do with it."

The kids don't come until December in Kuwait, and stores close a few days before, so it took weeks before the bloodstains finally disappeared from the patch of sidewalk where Luc Edher brushed his last. A desecrating reminder for the other residents of his fatherhood neighbourhood, a gray beachfront suburb of high-rise apartments and low-rise shops, straddled between an expressway and

an oil refinery, that at home to thousands of expatriates.

Wednesday, Oct. 10, was a hot day, so Edher changed into shorts and a golf shirt when he got home from working the afternoon shift at the air base. He and Basso ate dinner, then left their ground-floor apartment to run some errands. It was after 9 p.m., but the streets were still crowded. Edher got a haircut. They went window shopping and stopped for ice cream at Baskin-Robbins. Basso picked up some puns at the milk's while her husband browsed in their favorite gold store looking for Christmas presents for his family. They swung by the book machine, then stopped at the Internet café to make some deep overseas calls—Edher's mother, and the Canadian Forces, to see if there was a possibility of him returning to his old job.

The killer opened fire as they cut across a parking lot next to the falshid traffic circle, just before 11 p.m., walking hand in hand. Kids were playing nearby. The first

shot hit Edher in the upper right side of his back, spanning him around as the bullet travelled down and to the left, slicing through his lung and liver. "Jesus Christ! What the hell is going on?" it all he had time to say before he collapsed on the red interlocking bricks, in the shadow cast by a billboard for Burger King. Whoppers. The bullet squeezed off two more 9-mm rounds, striking Edher in the left thigh and chest, but it was the first that hit him in the torso. "Death was caused by tearing in the lung, and the heart and blood vessels, haemorrhage and shock," says the autopsy report.

Basso remembers seeing a hole open up at the front of Edher's shirt, as her husband's weight pulled her down towards the ground. Then, more shots. "I heard the bang. I felt something hit his side. My legs were numb. I heard my shoulder crack," she says. There were a few moments of surreal quiet before pandemonium again broke loose. "Luc was lying straight on the



With police stopping him, *Tamara* (in brown prison uniform) was forced to confess the crime in front of covered-headed witnesses.

ground and I was screaming, 'Help! Help!' says Bitos. "I tried to bug him." The gunman shot her a third time, in the back of the shoulder.

The attack came three days after the U.S.-led bombing campaign against Afghanistan began, and one day after Osama bin Laden's Kuwait-born spokesman, Salim bin Abu Ghath, issued a call for a holy war to "strike terror into the hearts of the enemies of God and your enemies." "The timing gave immediate rise to suspicion that *Ethar* had fallen victim to terrorism. The local newspaper were filled with conflicting details gleaned from dozens of shoppers and onlookers who had witnessed the shooting. It had been a drive-by—three men with a submachine gun. The killer was a Palestinian. The lone gunman escaped on foot. The bearded assailant screamed "Allahu Akbar"—"God is Great"—three times in a Kuwaiti accent.

Bleeding in hospital from a shattered

arm and a bullet that passed through her hips, granting her spinal cord and paralyzing her intestines, Bitos provided police with a detailed description of the assailant, even drawing a sketch a few days later. He was a "slippy looking," bearded, Arab man, dressed in a blue, long-sleeved checkered shirt and a pair of brown pants. His head was covered with a head and white gloves, the traditional headband favored by many Kuwaiti men.

In the wake of Sept. 11, Western tourists had warned their citizens working or traveling in the Arab world to exercise extra caution. *Ethar*'s death, and a Molotov cocktail attack on two German tourists in Saudi Arabia the next day, seemed to confirm everyone's worst fears. Kuwait's explosive community—including almost 8,000 Americans, many of them military personnel, 4,000 Britons and 2,400 Canadians—was thrown into panic. Many foreigners started making plans to evacuate

their families or simply pick up and go home. "We know there are extremists here. It's not a joke," says Claude Méthore, another DynCorp employee. Méthore, who also worked at Bagdadiel at the time one at *Ethar*, says almost everyone he knows was considering leaving. Among the few who were willing to stay, there was immediately talk of the need for danger pay. "We were traumatized. We couldn't go outside," adds Méthore's wife, Isabelle Desbrières. "We were all asking each other, 'What's your evacuation plan?'"

Kuwait's federal security police (everyone refers to them as the FBI) took charge of the investigation. More than 600 suspects with ties to radical Islamic movements were detained and questioned. The remainder of the interior had almost security checks that they would face criminal charges if more foreigners were attacked and no suspects were secured. Within days, investigators announced they had re-

turned the culprits—Majed al Mutairi, a 30-year-old sergeant in the Ministry of the Interior's office of installation, protection department. Mutairi was reported to have connections to Al-Takfir wal-Hijra (the name means "excommunication and emigration"), an offshoot of the Egyptian Al-Gama'a al-Islamiyya terrorist movement.

Al-Takfir members in Kuwait are said to be responsible for several recent incidents where foreign workers judged to have offended Islamic standards of decency were driven out into the desert, strapped and flogged. In April, 2000, seven alleged members of the group were charged (and ultimately acquitted) for the beating of a female commerce college student who was not wearing a hijab. A street shooting would be a worrying escalation in a country that has not generally been considered a hotbed for terrorism (although authorities did seize 135 kg of explosives and arrested six men in November, 2000, linking a plot to bomb a U.S. Army camp).

Police brought Mutairi to British hospital room. "That's him. That's the man that killed Luc," she shouted when he was presented as part of a lineup. Bitos identified him on three other occasions over the following days. Local papers reported that

sound like a whore—they kept asking me over and over again if she had a boyfriend," says one of *Ethar*'s former roommates (he added that his name not be used, fearing trouble with the authorities). "If he did, it was the best-kept secret of all time."

In late October, security forces began rounding up Filipino friends and acquaintances of Bitos. Teddy Tamaro, a maintenance man in the apartment tower where *Ethar* and Bitos used to live, and his girlfriend, Rosalia Badig, Bitos' best buddy. Two other friends, Lourdes Viny and Norina Asak. Jamie Branya and Edgar Robes, members of the same Bible study group as Tamaro and most of the others.

On Nov. 6, the Ministry of the Interior issued a brief press release announcing that Bitos and the other Filipinos had confessed to murdering *Ethar* for his insurance money. "The main motive for the crime is financial, not political," said the release. "The criminals tried to use the delicate political circumstances to cover up their murders."

Mutairi walked out of the criminal prison the same day, greeted by a crowd of several hundred cheering members of his tribe. They hoisted him on their shoulders. He shouted "Allahu Akbar" three times.

in prosecuting her for having an abortion. Inside the prosecutor's desk file is the confession Tamaro gave to police after five days of interrogation. Written in block letters and read out in broken English, it is short and to the point. "May I just tell you, she need help & I'm doing what kind of help, she said 'If I tell you I will kill any husband you do.' Tamaro wrote. "I said what is your benefit if I do this, she said if my husband I have money in his insurance worth \$80,000, 50% I give to you." *Ethar* and Bitos fought constantly, says the document, she married him only for his money, and had no desire to go to Canada. Robes planned the hit, the confession continues. Branya acted as the lookout. Asak got a gun from her Kuwaiti husband. Badig and Viny helped Tamaro escape the police danger.

Ahmed Qurban, the lead defense lawyer, is a glib and slightly stooped 75-year-old who loves to talk about his four wives and 28 children (the color-codes the keys to his vast home). Over lunch at a TGI Friday's, a slice of cheesy Americana plopped down on the shore of the Persian Gulf, he is matter-of-fact about how the case was built against his clients. The confessions were coerced

Kuwaiti police initially arrested a man with connections to a terrorist movement. But then the focus shifted—to Bitos and her circle of Filipino friends

Mutairi had confessed to the crime. The minister of the interior announced that he would be tried for murder.

Members of Mutairi's family and extended tribe protested that he was being set up. Second people came forward to say he had been attending a religious picnic in the desert on the day of the shooting. Questions were raised in the national parliament after Mutairi and his lawyer said he had been repeatedly tortured, lashed with a stick, punched and hung over a hot grill during interrogation. They vowed to sue.

Even while Mutairi was in custody, Kuwaiti police seemed eager to pursue other avenues of investigation. They searched *Ethar* and Bitos' apartment three times, paying special attention to financial documents and insurance policies. They interviewed the couple's friends, reportedly asking about the size of the marriage and whether Bitos had any other Islamic entanglements. "They started asking all these questions, making her

The men sit on the right side of the courtroom, the women on the left. The prosecution bench on the bench, and to the three presiding judges. Heads bowed, dressed in loose brown prison shirts and baggy pants, Teddy Tamaro and Jamie Branya stand inside the steel delinquent cage, hands and feet restrained. Branya is praying. Lourdes Viny, Norina Asak and Rosalia Badig sit huddled in the back row of the women's section, manded by a veiled female police. Edgar Robes, who reportedly helped plan the ambush, left Kuwait shortly after the murder to return to a long-standing job in Saudi Arabia. He was extradited back, but charges were dropped in early December, leaving friends and family of the other suspects wondering why their loved ones are still in prison when one of the "brassmounds" is now back home in the Philippines.

Thom is the 18th case dealt with this late January morning—after all the car thieves, assaults and the woman whose husband

by verbal threats or physical force. Tamaro says investigators beat the soles of his feet with a wire, yanked his chest muscles painfully and jammed his knees between his fingers, then forced them together. "In police stations, things happen," Qurban says between bites of his Buffalo wings. "They are the same everywhere." The night the Interior Ministry announced the Filipino plot, police brought Tamaro to the Fishland indoor circle and forced him to re-enact the crime in front of several hundred witnesses, slapping him until he obeyed the order to point a cellphone like a gun.

There is no physical evidence linking any of the accused to the crime, says Qurban. Ballistics tests on the weapons seized from Asak's husband (dub) match the bullet found in *Ethar*'s body. The nail marker weapon has yet to be located. Tamaro and Branya's clothing and hands showed no traces of gunpowder residue. "Luc was wearing shorts, maybe that's why

he was killed. Because of his Latin," the lawyer says. Qurban says Canadians needn't fear Kuwait's justice system is open and fair. "The Emir, he never interferes with the judges or prosecutors. We are thankful for that," he says. The death penalty is rarely enforced—Kuwait has executed 36 people since 1961. Torsani dispatched 39 in the year 2000 alone—and the Emir, who recently recovered from a life-threatening stroke, is even less inclined to sign the warrants these days, Qurban adds.

Qurban involved in the case are not quite so confident that justice will be done. Benoit Rivard, who helped the police sort through Eshar and Binay's personal papers, says the US\$880,000 insurance policy Eshar was supposedly killed for names his former girlfriend in Quebec as the beneficiary. DynCorp confirms this is the case. Eshar's \$100,000 Canadian Forces policy named his mother. No forms for changing either of the death benefits were in the apartment, says Rivard. Investigators told the police, but they are not part of the prosecution case file, say the three defence lawyers (they say a visiting journalist if he can get them open). Neither is a legal

attested. Another Filipino man, a co-worker of Eshar's who lives in the building where Torsani works, was also arrested and interrogated by police. During the questioning, Torsani was brought into the room and, with prodding from investigators, identified the DynCorp employee, who was blindfolded and handcuffed to a chair, as the driver of the getaway car. Police released the man after eight hours when they discovered he was an American citizen.

Norma Agnew says Torsani's confusion implicating her brother and the others doesn't stand up. Binay didn't even know Binay, and was watching a video with Roboa the night of the killings, she says. Agnew also scoffs at the alleged motive for the murder: "If they got that \$80,000 and divide it up among seven people, what's that?" Binay had every reason in the world to be happy, she says. "For Asian women it's a dream to get married and go to North America," says Agnew, as her American husband, Dale, shifts uncomfortably in his seat. "It represents a good life, a better life than here in Kuwait."

The Kuwaiti government is reluctant to

take international attention since the Kuwaiti government announced Binay and the others had confessed to the crime. The Philippines government is backing the defence of Binay, Torsani and the three women (Binay's family has hired their own lawyer). Sokarie Tanggol, the Philippines ambassador to Kuwait, says there have been quiet expressions of support from other countries. "We believe that society or later the justice system in Kuwait will get to the truth," he says.

Richard Mann, Canada's ambassador, says the federal government also wants justice to be done, but has no direct involvement in the case because Binay is not a citizen. "They have apparently come up with evidence that justifies having a trial and that's the way the system is supposed to work," he says. Regardless of the outcome of the trial, Canada does not believe Eshar's murder has any implications for the overall safety of Canadians in Kuwait, Mann adds.

Despite such uncertainties, many of Eshar's friends and co-workers remain convinced that his death was a crime of passion, and continue to live in fear. Eshar had a pop-

The lead defence lawyer says confessions were extracted by verbal threats or force, and that there is no physical evidence against the accused

document issued by the Philippine embassy at the time of Eshar and Binay's marriage, stating that she has never been wedded before (A wedged or husband is one of the many throned investigators usually put forward).

According to police, investigators made the link between the suspects by examining old records from Torsani's cellphone. They point to calls made to Binay as proof the pair were having an affair and conspired on the killing. Friends say the phone in question, though registered to Torsani, in fact belonged to his girlfriend Radig. Binay's best friend, at one point in the investigation, simply being Filipino seemed enough to get anyone caught up in the police dossier. Norma Agnew, Binay's sister, says police neglected her brother's apartment after arresting him. Photos and videos of a going-away party for Roboa were taken and everyone who appeared in the images—including the pastor of their evangelical church—was

asked about the case. A Malaysian request for an interview with investigators was met with a demand that written questions be submitted in advance. After a day's worth of phone calls, faxes and waiting in restaurants at the Ministry of the Interior, which controls the police, the request was denied. "They said they don't want a headache," Col Ahmad al-Shagari, head of public relations, explained apologetically. "They found the real killer and they let Master go."

If officials won't speak on the record, they are more than willing to pass on rumors and innuendos. One military employee claims to know Binay well and swears she had many boyfriends (friends of the couple say the person is lying on both counts). The Kuwaiti husband of Aaula, whose gun was allegedly used in the killing, has AIDS, another source says in a whisper.

Eshar's murder, which initially made headlines around the world, has receded

into background for U.S. military personnel, says Claude Mitchell. "Luc was blond, he had close-cropped hair, he was wearing shorts and walking bare in hand with a Filipino woman. That night he had the perfect profile of an American," Mitchell says.

Torsani remains in jail. Binay, now staying at the Philippine embassy and still recovering from her wounds, told Mitchell in late January that she did confess to the crime and implicated Torsani, but only under duress. She said she had a high fever and just wanted the relentless questioning to stop. "They said, 'You must help yourself. You must tell us. Truly is the one and then we'll set you free,'" she said. "I said yes, but deep inside I knew it wasn't true. After that I cried because I was afraid they will hang him and he didn't do it." The real killer is the man in the donkey, says Binay. The man she identified, the man the police are free. "Whenever I close my eyes the face is there. The face is always there." ■

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'We are at war'

Violence between Israel and the Palestinians spirals out of control

BY ERIC SIEBER in Jerusalem

With the deaths still rising and Israeli response to Palestinian attacks growing more violent by the day, Israeli Foreign Minister Shimon Peres decided to make yet another attempt to end the fighting. Last week, he picked up the phone at his home in Tel Aviv and called Yasser Arafat in the Palestinian leader's beleaguered Ramallah headquarters. Peres tried to persuade his fellow Nobel Peace Prize winner to stop the terrorist attacks on Israel. But Arafat was in no mood to listen—an Israeli helicopter had just straddled a security building barely 20 metres from his office. "Shimon, I'm being bombed," he yelled into the phone. "You speak in a tone of peace and gunships bomb us."

The foreign minister, who shared the 1994 peace prize with Arafat and then-prime minister Yitzhak Rabin for negotiating the now-defunct Oslo Peace Accord the year before, said he was sorry and would try to call off the raid. There was little hope of that. Israel has stopped talking about making concessions to end the Palestinian uprising—the popular uprising that began on Sept. 28, 2000—and has declared unofficial war. "It's either them or us," Prime Minister Ariel Sharon told Israeli journalists in Jerusalem last week. The brawny leader of the right-wing Likud party still thinks like the conventional general he once was, and has no intention of backing down. "We are at war," he said. "I don't expect the Palestinians to have compassion. Arafat is the father of all terrorism."

These days, both sides in the increasingly bloody conflict have no shortage of evidence to accuse the other of atrocities. On March 8, the deadliest day of fighting so far, Israeli troops killed 33 Palestinians in raids on villages and refugee camps. A Palestinian killed five Israeli soldiers in an attack on a religious study hall in a Jewish settlement, and an Israeli soldier was killed by Palestinian gunmen in a refugee



Israeli tanks roll into a West Bank refugee camp in an attempt to crush the ongoing rebellion (top); defiant Palestinian gunmen at a house for a talian comrade

camp. In all, over five days of fighting last week, 100 Palestinians and 35 Israelis were killed.

The carnage has left a pall of fear over both Israel and the occupied territories. "You're afraid to walk in the city," said Channy Mayzer, 55, a pedicurist at a Jerusalem hospital, just hours after three Israeli soldiers were killed by a Palestinian gun-

man in a prayer in Tel Aviv restaurant. "You don't know what can happen from minute to minute," added Rachel Kischner, a 38-year-old Tel Aviv film editor. "People have been worn down. If only we saw one Palestinian woman on TV saying it's wrong to blow up women."

Israel, meanwhile, continued to victimize Israeli on Palestinian targets, including



Arafat at his besieged headquarters in Ramallah; both sides continue to blame their dead

Arafat's headquarters, which narrowly missed being hit as he took Peres's call and then met with the European Union's Middle East envoy. A defiant Arafat soon emerged from his office and vowed that Palestinians would not be cowed. And he told *Al-Jazeera* the world must act to stop the violence. "What is happening here now is a massacre," he said. "Where is the international community? Where are the godfathers of the peace process—the United States, Russia and the United Nations? I want them to intervene."

The continuing violence also threatened to undermine Sharon's arguably, tenuous position. It stretches from Peres's Labour party, which seeks to trade land to the Palestinians for peace, to the tiny far-right National Union, which wants to drive all Arabs out of the occupied territories and into neighboring Arab countries. Now the only expense the Israeli leadership can agree on is to hit back harder—with tanks, F-16 warplanes, helicopter gunships and commandos. "The

Palestinians thought that by raising the level of terror, they could achieve more than on the diplomatic track," said Sharon. "Now they will have to endure many harsh blows until they see that they were mistaken."

But Peres says Sharon's hardline position has failed and a new, more conciliatory approach is needed. "There are some people who are saying, 'Let's have a war, then we shall have peace,'" said Peres. "But we have had wars. What do we want—to win another time, to occupy another time, what for? And what will happen after the next war? We don't need a war to make peace. We need peace to prevent a war."

The U.S. had been increasingly sympathetic to Israel since it launched its own, post-Sept. 11 war on terror. But the aggressive Israeli counter-attacks have eroded American support. Last week Secretary of State Colin Powell strongly criticized Sharon and sent U.S. special envoy Gen. Anthony Zinni back to the region in an attempt to reset the peace process. Two an-



ports are U.S. allies, Egypt and Saudi Arabia, also target the U.S. as an Arab President George W. Bush and his week-long peace proposal was forward by the Saudis had "torpedoed an agreement" for peace talks last week. The Israeli plan, Arafat says, would recognize Israel if it returns the land it captured in the 1967 war. Powell made it clear the U.S. is not going to give up the peace process. "Sharon has to take a hard look at his policies," he said in Washington. "If you think you can solve the problem by seeing how many Palesti-

nians can be killed, I don't know if that leads us anywhere."

For now, there seems to be no escape from the continuing violence. Even leaders once committed to reaching a peace deal with Arafat are increasingly pessimistic. Benny Mitrin, a left-wing Israeli historian, is the author of the 1987 book *The Book of the Palestinian Refugee Problem, 1947-1948*, which forced many of his countrymen to acknowledge their own role in the Palestinian exodus in 1948. In the late 1980s, during the first intifada, Mitrin even went to prison rather than serve a sentence in the occupied West Bank. Now, like many in the peace camp, he is bitterly disappointed. "The last intifada," he explained, "was a struggle for liberation from occupation. They didn't use terrorism as a means of undermining Israel. They threw stones at soldiers to end the occupation. That was something I could sympathize with." Now, neither side seems capable of sympathy, let alone compromise.

With Marwan, Shalita in Ramallah

GRAHAM WEIGHS IN

By Graham pulled his punches, but they stay anyway. Pleading his first major speech as foreign affairs minister up until the last minute, Graham delivered some pointed criticisms of Israel just before taking the podium at an Ottawa conference held by the Canada-Israel Committee. But he left in these contentious words "tactless" definitions of justice regardless of their background or religion, are not justifiable, and ultimately compromise Israel's image as a state not compassionate nation, as well as undermining the hopes of Palestinians and instilling bitterness—prejudicing the prospects for his intended peace."

That carefully phrased critique of Israeli military

tactics came only after Graham was pointedly called for the "Palestinian leadership to eradicate terrorism." But he was speaking up at the end of an increasingly bloody week for both Israelis and Palestinians, and his timely Jewish minister was in as much to keep anything but pro-Israeli words. Graham delivered a hostile speech, about seven hours later Prime Minister Jean Chrétien addressed the same conference—and got a warm response for a speech that stressed friendship between Canada and Israel, and renewed Israel's role in foreign policy making. Graham had done Israel.

But Graham couldn't contain the controversy. Just after Graham's speech, the chairman of the Canada-Israel Committee, Joe Wilder, angrily declared that "the Israelis have never targeted chil-

dren." That led to a clear distinction between Israel and Palestinian terrorism is at the core of the argument. There is no doubt that Palestinian terrorism means to kill Israeli civilians. But is the Israeli army, in striking at targets such as leaders of the militant Hamas organization, guilty of cruelty by targeting the lives of innocent bystanders? With Israel, however, showing a new willingness to let its take their fight over occupied refugee camps, the debate over responsibility for civilian deaths seems bound to grow even more heated—and Graham's words more relevant, if no less controversial.

John Sweeney in Ottawa

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An agonizing wait

Raoul Léger was killed in 1981 in Guatemala. His family wants to know why.

BY JOHN DEMONF in Bouctouche

Andrés Léger stood in the unmemorably warm sun of an early winter day, waiting for the remains of his brother Raoul to be returned to the family plot in tiny Bouctouche, N.B. It was a far cry from the first time he was laid to rest some 20 years earlier. Then, more than 1,500 men—excluding 49 clergy—filled the nearby church to pay their respects to the 30-year-old lay missionary who had died violently in the midst of Guatemala's bloody civil war. This time, only six people surrounded the grave site. But Andrés felt something close to happiness as he watched his brothers and aunts being lowered into the ground. Just two days earlier, an autopsy—performed by a team that included forensic anthropologist and novelist Kathy Reichs—finally confirmed his brother had at last escaped the torture inflicted on so many other victims of Guatemala's military dictatorship. "I felt peace knowing Raoul had not suffered," she says. "I said, 'You can finally rest, my dear little brother, we will finish the mission you started.'"

Léger is as much a folk hero in the no-man's-land of Guatemala as he is the Acadian village of his home province. He spent his short, turbulent life trying to help the poor, sick and powerless. On July 25, 1981, he died during a firefight—caught live on local television—that ended with an explosion killing everyone inside a house in a rich Guatemala City neighbourhood. The government of the day claimed he was a commando holed up with members of a guerrilla group known as ORPA (Organización del Pueblo en Armas) who committed suicide rather than surrender. To his family and countless others, he was a martyr. But in the absence of irrefutable evidence, the doubts gnawed: Was he, in fact, a gun-toting guerrilla fighter or a dog-gooder murdered by government soldiers?

The son of a farmer and housewife,



In 1979, the same year the lay missionary (in his jeep) hid in a church for three days

Léger grew up a devout Catholic who wanted to help others less fortunate than himself. As a lay missionary in Guatemala for Montreal's Catholic Foreign Mission Society, he taught hygiene, coached soccer and ran literacy programs in one of the poorest regions of the abysmally poor country. He quickly learned the dangers of trying to help the downcast peasants in 1979: He spent three days in a church belly hiding from soldiers searching for foreign subversives. On his last trip home to New Brunswick in December, 1980, he was so jumpy he dove for cover at the click of an automatic garage door. And he told his family it would be too dangerous to wait to learn when he returned to Central America. "He was saying goodbye," his sister Andrés remembers, "and we just didn't realize it."

By then, Léger seems to have decided there was another way to change society: by allying himself with ORPA, the guerrilla

movement fighting for the rights of the descendants of Guatemala's ancient Mayan people. It was a dangerous choice in 1981. The country's CIA-backed regime was determinedly slaughtering the Mayan majority, and anyone who tried to take up their cause routinely disappeared. A fellow Guatemalan and worker, Monsiador De Charles Godas, now an adviser with the Pan American Health Organization in Washington, says Léger joined ORPA because he believed the only way to help the Mayas was to overthrow the military regime. Still, Godas contends Léger would not have taken up arms for ORPA. "He just sympathized with their goals."

After the shooting, Léger's corpse was thrown into a mass grave. In official records he was identified only as "XXXX" age 30 years, son of unknown and unknown, civil status unknown. "Others eventually got wind of his fate and, after two months of negotiations, convinced Guatemala to exhumate the body. In October, 1981, Léger's body, identified by dental records, was returned to Canada in a hermetically sealed metal coffin. Despite the suspicious circumstances surrounding his death, an autopsy was not performed at the time.

The Légers grew tired of pushing Ottawa to pressure the Guatemalan government for a full accounting and eventually gave up. Then, last summer, Andrés and Léger's other sister, Glória, accompanied a National Pitm Board of Canada crew to Guatemala and met peasants who had known Léger. For Andrés, in particular, the trip was an epiphany: she returned to New Brunswick, quit her job as a truck driver and devoted herself full-time to organizing shipments of school supplies and helping Guatemalans' families from her farmhouse in the hamlet of Cocopac.

She also set out to finally answer theiddle of Léger's death. Her first step was to assemble a forensic team, including Reichs, who is an old hand in Guatemala. In 2000, Reichs, who divides her time



In 1978, with kids from his choir and soccer league (top); Mayan women praying (middle left); Andrés Léger in September (middle right); the first funeral

between Montreal and Charlotte, N.C., helped find a mass grave and exhumed numerous skeletons of people tortured and murdered during the nearly 36-year civil war. Also the best-selling author of four novels, including *Dying Day*, she plans to open her next mystery, *Guise Seven*, with her forensic anthropologist heroine, Terrence Brennan, exhuming a mass grave in Guatemala.)

When the New Brunswick government refused to pay all the costs of an autopsy, the Léger family agreed to raise the rest. After 20 years underground, the unembalmed body was acceptably well-preserved. "There was no sign that the fingers had been pulled out, that he had been burned with cigarettes, loaded with machines or any other physical indications of torture," says Reichs. But the team did determine from metallic fragments embedded in Léger's torso that he died violently in an explosion.

There was more detective work to be done. The family hired a ballistics expert to try to determine what type of explosive was used in the blast that killed Léger. The answer to that question could reveal whether the army murdered him. The family is still waiting for the report. In the meantime, they have contacted Amnesty International to help track down relatives of another foreigner who died beside him. In the search for clues, Andrés, using the Access to Information Act, has already discovered one person in the house district that immediately. She also learned that a security officer from the U.S. Embassy visited the house 30 minutes after the raid, an intriguing revelation considering the American government's involvement with the Guatemalan regime during the 1980s.

If the army took Léger's life, the family wants the killing brought to justice. Ottawa insists it was stone-walled by the Guatemalan government back in 1981. But since then, the civil war ended and, in 1993, the Central American country held presidential elections. Ottawa's stance upon pressing for further information, including whether there are any internal reports on what happened.

Still, after all this time, Andrés isn't holding her breath. On some level the family just wants to finally know by whose hand Léger died. Then, at last, maybe they can bury the ghosts of the past along with the body in the Bouctouche cemetery. ■

BY JOHN GEDDES in Ottawa

Stuckeoff: Day brings something special when he strides into the meeting room above a suburban Ottawa coffee rink. It's not his politics—although the 250 supporters gathered here on a recent Saturday night are surely primed for some low-key, anti-government, pro-family talk. It's not his style—although they must admire the way his confident, athletic bearing has held up to the sustained hammering he's taken in federal politics. And as certainly not his record—although Day's solid showing in the House on anti-abortion issues has far out-weighed some way to diminishing the necessity of his lumbering election campaign a year earlier and an often-convoluted performance as official Opposition leader in the months that followed.

No, what sets Day apart from his rivals for the Canadian Alliance leadership is even more compelling: a story. His stump speech, delivered entirely without notes, is less a platform than a personal narrative. The tale he tells, and tells well, is not about a neophyte leader who comes to Ottawa, messes up, loses the support of his own caucus, and ends up scrambling to get his old job back. It's the uplifting account of an unapologetic social conservative, disrupted by a "national media elite" that has only "scorn" for the Alliance grassroots (a staple of us-her-yes-you-Stuckeoff), conspired against by "backroom" types inside his own party (a mixture of scorn—this crowd has no time for such in-mouth operating), but who refuses to become "a quitter" (apparent cheering).

In short, Day tells his receptive audience that his struggle is theirs. "A few plotters tried to take the question of leadership into their own hands," he says. "But you will decide who the leader will be." While religion is merely only a subset in his speech, it's telling that Day's most fervent adherents to faith—when he denounces Liberal government's decision not to include prayer at the official memorial for the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks—gets the evening's biggest ovation. The absence of prayer at that high-profile Parliament Hill event has come to symbolize for many evangelical Christians, and other religious conservatives, what they see as the denial of what matters most to them at the centre of Canadian public life.

If Day loses, they will see it as another



RELIGION AND THE RIGHT

By appealing to diehard believers, Day may win the leadership battle—and cost the Alliance the war

sign they're being marginalized. He is once again mobilizing the conservatives that allowed him to upset Preston Manning and win the first Alliance leadership race in July 2000: lots of evangelical Protestants, bolstered by conservative Catholics, and a smattering of right-leaning Jews, Muslims and Sikhs. Anti-abortion activists are once more rallying behind Day. And his main rival, Stephen Harper, is worried that strategy might just work. "Stuckeoff Day is running a clever campaign—he's a smart guy—but it's focused entirely on getting

the support of outside organizations to win this race," Harper said pointedly in a recent speech to about 90 Alliance members in Whiteby, Ont., just east of Toronto.

Harper brings nothing to a campaign stop so emotionally charged as Day's easy His low-key pitch is more practical than personal. An economist who was influential in the early days of the Reform party, and who served as a Reform MP from 1993-1997, before going on to head the National Citizens Coalition, Harper is associated with what is sometimes called

"secular conservatism." Success for the party, he argues, depends on a breakthrough in Ontario. And the key to winning over Ontario voters is to look like a credible government-in-waiting, focused on tax cuts and smaller government—not a protest movement preoccupied with hot-button issues like abortion. "The problem," he says in an impassioned tone, "is that people, particularly in this province, are not confident that we are a permanent political party dedicated to professionalism and competence."

Harper has the declared support of most Alliance MPs, and his organizers are confident their man will get the votes of most of the party's veteran activists. But the Alliance leader is chosen by a one-member, one-vote system—so new members are as valuable as old ones. (The results of the first mail-in ballot will be announced on March 20 in Calgary; if a second ballot is needed, the outcome will be announced on April 3 in Edmonton.) Harper openly acknowledges he may have been surpassed by Day in the recruitment sweepstakes

A 'secular conservative': Harper worries about the strategy of his chief rival

"We would make a leadership change," he says, "if it was strictly a matter of the long-term membership."

That big "if" hangs heavy in the air in Whiteby. Alliance membership has risen to 123,312 during the leadership race, about double where it stood when Day stepped down in December. Day's campaign dates to have signed up more than 28,000 new members before the Feb. 28 deadline for new joiners to be eligible to vote for the leader; Harper's says it signed up about 16,000. Day's recruitment effort tapped into surprisingly resilient support. A recent poll by Compa Inc. found that 34 per cent of declared Alliance voters would choose him if they cast a ballot in the leadership race, compared with 22 per cent who would support Harper. (The other candidates are far behind, with MP Grant Hill polling eight per cent support among Alliance voters and five per cent leaning toward MP Diane Ablonczy.)

Many Harper supporters fear the Alliance will sink permanently if Day wins. They see his appeal beyond his diehard loyalists as extremely limited. Critics sneer the potential for expanding the Alliance base, probing the views of those who have either cast a ballot for the party in the past or would consider doing so given the right leader—about a third of English Canadian voters. Among those "high potential Alliance voters," 44 per cent would definitely not vote for Day, but just three per cent rule out voting for Harper. Not surprisingly, Harper is touting the Compa results. "Either we will choose the current leader and we will stay exactly where we are, or we will choose a new leader and we will have an enormous potential," he says. "That's what the data shows."

Harper's outright criticism of Day's reliance on an evangelical Christian, anti-abortion base has injected a bitter note into this campaign. Saskatchewan MP Gerry Ritz, a strong Day supporter, is one of the few Alliance members able to joke about it. "If Stephen Harper controlled federal infrastructure money," Ritz says, "he'd be building colosseums and importing lions." Few others are laughing. Day demanded, but never got, an apology when Harper's campaign managers, Tom Flanagan, said Day's courtship of religious



Even as party members pondered their choices at a Feb. 28 conference in Toronto, the campaign became more emotionally charged.

"special-interest groups" was "very dangerous for the party." In a noisy radio debate, Harper accused Day of trying to position himself as "the best Christian" in the race.

Yet Harper is himself a churchgoer, is a member of the Alliance MPs backing him. Their qualms about the Alliance being too closely identified with religious groups and the anti-abortion movement are more strategic than cultural. Public opinion research suggests that the U.S. Republican party's success in harnessing the support of the religious right probably can't be duplicated in Canada. Canadians seem far less

inclined than Americans to identify with overly devout politicians. A poll on religious beliefs on both sides of the border in 1999 found that just 35 per cent of Canadians said God is very important in their personal lives, compared with 63 per cent of Americans.

Even among conservative Christians, there are strong political differences between the two countries. The Republican party can count on majority support from America's evangelical Protestants, but polling by the firm Ipsos-Reid last summer found that just 22 per cent of Canadian

evangelicals back the Alliance. Political scientist Dennis Hoover, a resident fellow at the Center for the Study of Religion at Public Life at Trinity College in Hartford, Conn., who has studied religion and political activism on both sides of the border, says the differences go beyond the consistency of support behind a single party. Hoover says that while Canadian evangelicals tend to hold the same positions as their American counterparts on issues like abortion and gay rights, the Canadians tend to be much less staunchly conservative on other social and economic questions. "Canadian evangelical Christians," he says, "bored in with the background of Canadian society on issues like wealth redistribution and social policy."

It adds up to a Canadian religious right that is smaller, less entrenched in one party, and more varied in its policy outlook than its mighty U.S. counterpart. That makes it a less potent force at election time. "It's an advantage in the United States, if you're trying to get to the White House, to carry a Bible on Sunday, in Canada, it's almost a discrediting," says Gary Walsh, president of the Evangelical Fellowship of Canada, a powerful umbrella group of conservative Protestant denominations.

Still, if courting a religious vote is a doubtful strategy in a Canadian general election, Day proved when he beat Manning it can work in the narrower context of an Alliance leadership race. The question is whether he can duplicate that victory against Harper. If he does, his opponents fear their party's base will shrink—and Day's first challenge could be to hold the Alliance together long enough to prove them wrong. If Harper wins, he will face his own tough challenge: showing that his back-to-basics brand of dauntless social conservatism can finally extend the Alliance's appeal beyond its western stronghold into Ontario. ■

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WHEN ALICE LAY DOWN WITH PETER

"Historic, comedic, erotic."

[Anyone who can make that work, deserves first prize.]

Retelling Canadian history in an innovative and witty way is no small feat. That's why Margaret Sweatman's epic novel *When Alice Lay Down With Peter* was a natural choice for the 2002 Rogers Writers' Trust Fiction Prize. Of course with the impressive offerings from the other nominees, Thomas Wharton for *Salvander*, Alice Munro for *Hateship, Friendship, Courtship, Loveship, Marriage*, Timothy Taylor for *Stanley Park* and Elizabeth Ruth for *Ten Good Seconds of Silence*, the judges' decision couldn't have been an easy one. Congratulations to all the winners.

ROGERS

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Doomed to failure

Western protest movements inevitably get absorbed by mainstream parties

BY J.L. GRANATSTEIN and
H. GRAHAM RAMLISON

What does the West want? Puzzled federal politicians and critics in the rest of Canada have scratched their heads for years as they watched Western protest rise—and collapse. Ontarians never needed a protest party to get its way; the Manitobans seem always mired in the old party ways; and Quebec plays its own game of threats. But in the West, the Miners, the Prairie farmers, and the left, the right—all have taken a crack at the catalyst of national power, and all have failed. The party system established by John A. Macdonald and Wilfrid Laurier and honed by Mackenzie King has always proved able to check, control, and eventually absorb protest. Lately, the current troubles of the Canadian Alliance make it seem as if the lucky vessel of Western protest may have come to grief on the rocks of national politics.

Western protest is as old as Canada—and in almost every instance, it has been wholly justified. Louis Riel's rebellions in 1870 and 1885 were cries against immigration from Ontario politicians and farmers for a lost way of life. A generation later, Prairie farmers and their pressure group organizations were understandably furious that free trade initiatives with the Americans that would have resulted in cheaper manufactured goods had been turned down in 1911. Frustrated with the railways' predatory practices and convinced that the traditional parties represented only the vested interests, they organized the Progressive Party at the end of the First World War.

Based on the farmers' organizations, the agitators won effective control of the Prairie capitals (and Ontario, too) in the interwar post-war period. In 1921, they took enough seats in Parliament to stand second to the governing Liberals. Alberta's Henry Wise Wood, the United Farmers of Alberta leader and the popular thresher behind the movement, wrote that the farmers wanted "democratic organization"



Aberhart attacked the Jews and the French.



Riel, Manning and Douglas all conspired against national politics from their regional base.

with the people able to "initiate, direct and control" their own lives. Tired of "top down, autocratic organization" by government and business, they demanded "bottom-up" government. In a West where people had a strong tradition of cooperating to survive, populism was the battle cry—

much like the Canadian Alliance's mantra that as governments control the party.

But since their initial successes, the Progressives failed miserably. They declined to form the official opposition in 1921, because they feared the corrupting effect of politics and power. Well-meaning, they

proved hopelessly naive and passed the mantle to the Conservatives led by the unpopular Arthur Meighen. The former parliamentary leader despised an organizing an uneasy caucus. Every time one of them met with Prime Minister Mackenzie King, their MPs charged them with political treason. King, for his part, fatally fractured the unity of the former MPs by introducing anti-rail and railway rate concessions. By 1926, this protest party was no longer a factor.

The Great Depression gave the West another reason to feel that the national government had failed it, as economic turmoil caused unimaginable hardships. Crops failed, dust storms swept the Prairies and government aid was minimal. On the left, the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation preached social democracy, but until the party won power in Saskatchewan under Jimmy Douglas in 1944, socialism had few western adherents outside that province. Then the wartime desire to prevent another depression and to create a better life for returning soldiers led to a race in support for social welfare across Canada. At one point, the CCF actually led the opinion polls. King, however, stole the socialist program by introducing unemployment insurance, family allowances, and a host of other attractive social policies. The CCF never again won a serious electoral threat. Protest on the left was largely a spent force.

On the right, "Bible Bill" Aberhart and Social Credit also seemed poised to seize the nation's attention. A teacher and mesmerizing radio evangelist, Aberhart attacked the big money interests and international Jewry that, he claimed, controlled finance. By promising everyone \$25 a month, enough for food and shelter, Aberhart swept to power in Alberta in 1935. His followers also swept the province in the federal election later that year. "While Bible Bill decried the 'Jewry' of international finance with its 'blood-mucking' attitudes around every man, woman and child," his government made little headway against the British North America Act which limited Alberta's power to change the banking system. The financiers, Aberhart's supporters claimed, blocked real reform. In Ontario, Social MPs spouting the same line made no impact at all, but hung on into the 1960s. The provincial Alberta Social Credit party, however, continued to thrive under the shrewd, modest

mentorship of Ernest Manning, premier after Aberhart's death.

Manning was the father of Preston Manning, who later combined the evangelism of Social Credit and the populism of Progressivism to establish the Reform party as a fundamentally western movement. "The West Wins It" was the battle-cry of Reform's 1987 first convention in Vancouver.

Reform, like its predecessors, had difficulty achieving success as a national party. But give Manning credit for knowing his history: unlike the Progressive and Social Credit leaders, he knew Reform had to broaden its base and soften its edges. To his shock, however, Manning found the Alliance stolen from him by Steadwell Day, a federal neophyte who out-stepped conservatism. Manning and several cohorts of those-wal' gossamers. Day's Alliance party was a proto-political protest movement, and in the 2000 election it is not surprising he failed to achieve a national breakthrough. The new leader's social conservatism didn't sell outside of the West, and in Quebec, Day's relatively understandable French-speakingness, he made no impact whatsoever.

Just like his Progressive and Social Credit predecessors, the politically inept Day floundered the House of Commons a tough stage. The gossamers had to be heard, but caucus members had their own ambitions, and new issues demanded attention. In the Alliance's case, the situation was exacerbated by an open revolt against Day that split the party, forced the coming vote on the leadership, and still dissuaded the party's first election.

The odds now favour a big wedding, an eventual Conservative-Alliance marriage that will keep the Conservative Party what it has always been—a national party that plays a slightly right-of-center game. Especially if Day wins, indeed Alliance MPs will probably hang on for a time but, like the Progressives before them, they will have neither influence nor power.

Once again, populism has come undone and the strength of the old party system is being proven. The traditional parties have always tried to offer something for everyone. They are centrist, pragmatic, and reject ideological orthodoxy of any kind. They take the best ideas of the Western movements and make them their own. Very simply, they play the political game better and, inevitably, they swallow protest whole.

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The history maker

Sir Martin Gilbert reflects on Churchill, Charles Bronfman and post-Sept. 11

*At 65, and with 68 books to his credit, British-born Sir Martin Gilbert is one of the world's most respected—and prolific—historians. Best known for the 17 volumes he has produced on the life of Sir Winston Churchill, Gilbert—who first visited Canada as a child evacuee from Britain during the Second World War—is also acknowledged for his expertise on subjects ranging from the Soviet Union to the Middle East and the history of the Jewish people. His most recent book is *Deceit, Austerlitz: Five 5000 Years of Jewish History During a Visit to Russia*, he quips with Maclean's Editor Anthony Wilson-Smith.*

Maclean's: *Canada was a much different place in many ways when you arrived in 1940. What do you recall of that time?*

Gilbert: I'm grateful, because I was let in, but I wasn't let in as a Jewish child; I was let in as a British child. We had some difficulties at the beginning. I learned to read [phonetically]. There was a word, "instructed," which meant that Jews couldn't go into a place, and I learned to read "instructed" before I could read. I knew that those pictures meant that we couldn't go in. I used to go to [Toronto's] Centre Island, and my aunt and her kids and I were there and I brought my books down, and for some reason, I hadn't brought any spades.

There was a boy there with a bucket and spade, so I went up and said, "Could I borrow your spade?" And he said, "My mother said never to lend things to Jews, they work give them back." And I didn't quite know what he meant. Except clearly we were not people to whom spades should be loaned.

Maclean's: *Still an alien Canadian, there are anecdotes you'd like to hint with Charles Bronfman.*

Gilbert: What I have in mind is a book called *Conversations with Charles Bronfman*. Increasingly, in my Churchill work

and other work, I've found that to be able to sit with someone for a few hours and talk produced a quite different type of history. So, what I hope to do is sit with Charles Bronfman and ask questions, and let him answer, and clearly guide the conversation, but not guide it as too disciplined a way, so that we can talk about the things which interest him. We had a very good session together in Jerusalem recently. I think we got along well. It could be a format which works.

Maclean's: *Within the past Sept. 11 context, do you see Israel as finding itself in a very particularly dangerous situation?*

Gilbert: In a way, Israel has been a beneficiary—if one can use beneficiary in that context. Israel's predicament is now better understood. People, I think before Sept. 11, didn't fully understand the difference between Islamic fundamentalism and Islam, so that, in a way, the fundamentalist aspects of Islam benefited from a general sort of modern-day reluctance to see anybody as really being different in a negative sense. And the fundamentalists had under that. Now the fundamentalists have been exposed. That has fortunately reduced their numbers—they're seen for what they are, it's not mainstream Islam.

Maclean's: *How religious do you consider yourself to be?*

Gilbert: None of all, because I've written quite a lot which involved the Jewish religion. I feel many affinities. I'm not Orthodox. I'm not practicing, in any deep sense of the word. I don't keep the Sabbath. But I keep the holidays, the festivals. I try to light the candles every Friday night, say the prayers. But I think that's not stable.

Maclean's: *When you wrote your history of the 20th century, you mentioned that some people complained it had "too much war" in it. Was there a comparable period of threat in the last century in what ways at present?*

Gilbert: The Thirmin are very similar. What

has changed now is that the lesson of the Thirties has been learned. Can you conceive nowadays in this circumstance where Britain is being bombed every night by Germany, and thousands of Londoners killed every night, and the United States remains neutral? And yet, that's what happened from September, 1939 until December, 1941. Nowadays it is inconceivable. The moment London was bombed once, the United States would feel that somehow it had to intervene. So I think in that sense there has been a lesson learned, and a very definite change. I felt that the coalition against terror, the events after Sept. 11, that movement against Al-Qaeda and the Taliban, at a great distance and with great difficulty—the speed with which all that was carried out is remarkable.

Maclean's: *If you had to briefly describe the subject of 20 years' work, how would you characterize Churchill?*

Gilbert: [lengthy pause] A man who never allowed the imagination to get in the way of hard, cold facts. A total realist. A total pragmatist. And a man who really understood the subjects he involved himself in, really got to the bottom of them. He could spend, if he had to, two or three or four hours listening to an expert. He was not interested in showing off to other expert his skills. If it was a real expert, he had the time to listen, and the ability to absorb and act on it. His favourite phrase was, "Teacher, and then act."

Maclean's: *No have been very much about the fact you are considered from time to time by serious British press ministers. How your press will say about?*

Gilbert: [laughs] Basically, I've been very lucky to have been a fly on the wall on one or two occasions. I'm very conscious of the gap—and that has helped my writing of history—the tremendous gap between what you, I and the general public, and



I'm a lucky fly on the wall

even the well-informed journalist, or the well-informed public, that is going on, and what is actually going on.

It used to suggest me, if I were with John Major as the Middle East, and things would happen during the day, negotiations, and then at the end of the day, there would be the press conference. It seemed to me the questions were no relation to what had happened, and of course the government had no interest in conveying to the journalists what had happened. I would sit there bewildered, because all I was was a mere insect, so it seemed peculiar to me that one set of things was happening, and another set of things was being discussed.

Maclean's: *Pressmen people need to routinely*

keep diaries, which are of great use to historians. This is no longer in effect the case. How will this affect the history of the present we read in the future?

Gilbert: It may be different, it may be difficult. But if you read the *Start* upon the Clinton-Lewinsky incident, in the appendix, there is a reference that says something to the effect of "Letters from Mrs. Lewinsky to President Clinton reviewed by the FBI from the deler file from her computer." So if you can retrieve from the deler file of a computer, there is perhaps hope still for a historian, as long as he has a friend in the FBI.

The nature of things may change, but almost every private moment and private whose archives I've seen or know

about has tried to keep a record. Churchill, at a time when the telephone was not used very widely and no recordings were made, insisted all conversations be recorded. And this was annoying to his staff. And he did it, because, he said, "What happens if in two weeks' time, someone says, 'I gave the Order X,' and you say, 'No, no, not at all, it was Y, and where is the record?'"

Maclean's: *Is there one of your books in particular that gave you the greatest emotional satisfaction?*

Gilbert: I'd say the Churchill biography. And that's not finished yet. I'm still doing the documents volumes. I've published 1941. The five-volume *War* year—no I've got five more to go.

THE COST OF KYOTO

How far are Canadians willing to go to help prevent global warming?

BY BRIAN BERGMAN

Consider it a duel among doomseers. Business critics and some provincial premiers maintain that if Canada ratifies the Kyoto Protocol—the international agreement aimed at reducing greenhouse emissions widely linked to global warming—it could cost the country up to \$40 billion in economic growth and at least 450,000 jobs by 2010. Environmentalists counter that a failure to ratify will only reinforce recent climate trends leading, among other things, to deepening drought on the prairies, flooding along the Atlantic and Pacific coasts and a central Canadian double whammy of more winter ice storms and summer heat waves. In the black-and-white world of Kyoto boosters and busters, the choice is stark indeed: apocalypse now or apocalypse later.

As is often the case, the truth is probably out there, in the shades of grey that underscore the complex issue of global climate change and what can—or should—be done to avert it. But two things, at least, seem certain. First, the 1997 Kyoto accord, until recently a mere conversation chiller on the cocktail circuit, is suddenly hot, hot, hot. Second, even among the Kyoto cognoscenti, there's a nagging suspicion that no one really knows what the heck they're talking about.

Don Drummond, chief economist for the TD Bank Financial Group, has passed over most of the federal background papers on the Kyoto Protocol, as well as a raft of recent studies issued by national business groups and the Alberta government which warn of dire economic consequences if Canada moves to dramatically reduce greenhouse gas emissions. His conclusion? "Everyone is throwing around estimates before anyone knows what the plan is." All the same, Drummond says he understands perfectly well why Kyoto's ratification has suddenly become so vocal. "On the one hand, Ottawa says it's go-



APOCALYPSE NOW OR APOCALYPSE LATER? A scientist checks an Arctic ice sample for signs of climate change at the U.S. National Ice Core Laboratory in Denver

HOW TO TRADE HOT AIR

One of the many surface, convoluted aspects of the Kyoto Protocol is the very perplexing treaties are encouraged to meet their emission reduction targets without, well, reducing their emissions. Some examples.

Emissions trading. Subsidy by credits as the "pre-to-post" position, this allows countries or individual companies which are high emitters of greenhouse gases to accumulate credits by investing in emission-reducing projects internationally. These credits mean it's okay for Canada to continue to pollute within its own borders at rates exceeding the Kyoto limits.

ing to do all this consultation," he notes. "On the other, they give these hints that they'd like to ratify Kyoto, perhaps as early as June. It's like you have a gun to your head. People are very frightened."

Framed—and incited Kyoto is, in fact, one of those quintessentially Canadian public policy issues which divides the

Canadian kids. No, it's not time to call off the poodles. This refers to the ability of firms and sectors to make up emissions credits and reduce overall global warming. Is a provision that Canada pushed for and now, countries can use renewable-pollution credits for planting trees and other agricultural practices such as excessive tillage.

Clean-energy credit. Canadian negotiators are currently pressing for this, but may not succeed. Essentially, Canada is arguing that it should get credit for being a large producer and exporter of relatively clean natural gas and hydroelectricity. This, Ottawa says, can be used to displace energy sources such as coal, which produce higher levels of greenhouse gases.

country along regional, ideological and second lines. Alberta versus Quebec. The right versus the left. Big business versus the greens. Even Canada's two national newspapers, the pro-Kyoto *Globe and Mail* and the anti-second National Post, are helping to further polarize the tone of debate.

So how did it come to this? On Dec. 11,

1997, negotiators from 159 countries met into the wee hours in Kyoto, Japan, to hammer out an agreement on curbing the world's gluttonous appetite for burning fossil fuels—a primary source of so-called greenhouse gases, which lodge in the atmosphere and, like a pane of glass, prevent the earth from escaping into space. Most scientists agree these gases—carbon dioxide being the biggest culprit—are contributing to recent global warming trends, although some argue this is simply part of the Earth's periodic cycles of warming and cooling. Under the Kyoto accord, Canada promised to reduce domestic greenhouse gas emissions to an per cent below 1990 levels—the internationally agreed benchmark—over the period 2008 to 2012. Because Canadian emissions grew dramatically during the 1990s, projected cuts would actually have to be cut by more than 20 per cent to satisfy the Kyoto target.

Back home, the Kyoto accord was a source of friction from the get-go. Canada had agreed to a target that was twice as high as Ottawa's opening offer of a three per cent cut, a figure that had already aggrieved many provinces because it went beyond an earlier federal-provincial compromise calling for a straight reduction to 1990 levels. The new federal unit only this year when federal Environment Minister David Anderson said Canada hoped to ratify Kyoto in time for the Group of Eight nations summit in Kananaskis, Alta., in late June. That timing would put Canada in lockstep with the U.S. European Union member states, which last week said they intended to ratify by June 1.

In quick succession, Kyoto critics produced a series of studies attempting to put a price tag on the second. The first, issued by the Alberta government on Feb. 21, said Canada would lose in gross domestic product by 2010, while Alberta alone would take a hit of up to \$5.5 billion. Six days later, the Canadian Manufacturers & Exporters association declared that adhering to Kyoto could result in the loss of 450,000 jobs in the manufacturing sector alone. The association also said consumers would take a big hit, paying 60 to 100 per cent more to heat their homes and gas up their cars.

Last week, the country's largest business association, the 170,000-member Canadian Chamber of Commerce, weighed in. Chamber president Nancy Hughes An-

'A FREE SHOT ON GOAL'

Federal Environment Minister David Anderson spoke last week with Alberta's Calgary Bureau Chief Brian Bergman about the increasingly serious climate debate over ratifying the Kyoto Protocol. **Anderson:**

Anderson: Almost daily business groups and provincial governments are issuing studies and statements saying that adhering to Kyoto could destroy our economy. Your response?

Anderson: It is literally impossible to estimate total cost without having a knowledge of what will be taken into account under Kyoto. That analysis should be complete by April. I am surprised to see so many people willing to put their credibility on the line with out-of-date figures. **Macdonald:** Why, in your view, are the critics smoking up now?

Anderson: They realize there is a gap in what we for information and it's very difficult to respond in detail. So they are getting a free shot on goal. When the time comes and we are back on the ice, they won't look up better than the American hockey team.

Macdonald: Are you in danger of losing the public relations war?

Anderson: I don't think so. Just as Canadians believe that taking part in UN peacekeeping operations is the right thing to do, they believe Canada should play its part in the international battle against climate change.

Macdonald: The U.S., which produces 10 times as much greenhouse gas as Canada, has opted out of Kyoto. When that, can Canadian emit more reductions really make a difference?

Anderson: That would have been cited in the Second World War, you know, why bother getting involved? No, they're not doing anything. That's not the way we want to live.

Macdonald: Can you see a scenario in which Canada would not ratify Kyoto?

Anderson: I don't see that. The prime minister has said his goal is to ratify this. It is a major global problem that needs a global response.

they said her group's analysis pegged the potential cost of Kyoto at \$30 billion in lost GDP. A key concern, she added, is that the United States, which accounts for 25 per cent of the world's greenhouse gases (coupled with the 25 per cent produced by Canada) has opted out of Kyoto. Last month, U.S. President George Bush shelved a domestic-gas plan concerning mainly of voluntary measures and incentives. Hughes Anthony argues that if businesses have

near instant in new technologies and other measures to meet Kyoto targets, Canadians will be at a distinct competitive disadvantage. "The one thing Canada does not need right now," she says, "is more economic uncertainty."

Anderson has responded to the chorus of critics with a fairly well-considered. He says they are drawing many of their figures from a 16-month-old federal-provincial analysis of the potential costs of Kyoto. Much has changed in the interim, he adds, including a series of recently negotiated concessions that allow countries like Canada to mitigate costs through measures such as trading emission credits and planting trees. Anderson urges Kyoto foes to cease and desist until a new federal-provincial analysis is complete. Wily in April. That hasn't stopped him, though, from flouting his own worst-case scenario: a GDP hit of 0.5 per cent, or about \$500 million a year over the next decade. But Anderson admits that he, too, is dancing in the dark. "I have my hunches and expectations," he told Macdonald last week, "but the same uncertainty applies to me in everyone else."

Environmentalists like Matthew Bramley, director of climate change for the Alberta-based Pembina Institute for Appropriate Development, say the Kyoto critics are focusing too much on projected costs and not enough on what Bramley calls "the very real dangers of climate change." Bramley also thinks much of the current wrangling is about jockeying for position in the next major battle: first deciding which sectors and regions should pay the most to avert the Kyoto capex. A whiff of this was evident recently when Bloc Quebecois MP said that Alberta, which produces more than twice the amount of greenhouse gas as Quebec, must bear the biggest burden. Alberta Environment Minister Lorne Taylor took back that Quebec, which receives equalization payments from his province, was in danger of killing "the goose that laid the golden egg."

One conclusion Kyoto critics have drawn from Ottawa is that Anderson is no longer talking of rejecting the accord by June. Instead, he now speaks hopefully of doing so by the end of the year after consulting all affected parties. And that, says economist Drummond, will be good. "I think we should just cut it off and let government come up with a plan," he says. In the process, cooler that is the global warming debate, that may be adding a lot.



Donald Coxo

Gold gleams again

Twenty-two years ago the world went mad for gold, with the price reaching US\$875 an ounce. That was the top of a triple Wadell chart pattern (the kind Nardag experienced from 1988 until now—huge rise, crash, partial rally, deeper drop, partial rally, deeper drop), which launched a bear market that finally reached bottom in 1999.

Recently gold and gold stocks have been acting better. Gold stocks are now a trivial percentage of the Standard & Poor's 500, and the total market capitalization of all the publicly traded gold mining stocks in the world is less than the value of nickel of the dollar—Coke or Pepsi. Yet even a modest run-up in the price of bullion and stock produces a flood of phone calls and e-mails asking me whether this is the beginning of a major move. Is gold headed to \$500, and if so, how soon?

The investment world is divided into four groups: those who think gold is redundant, those who think gold is a luxury investment, but worth watching as a sign of inflation, those who think gold can be a great investment when the time is right, but who for years believed the time was wrong and those who think gold is the only truly safe investment and a new Golden Age will return.

I'd guess that one-third are in Group 1, 50 per cent are in Group 2, 15 per cent in Group 3, and roughly two per cent are gold bugs of varying persuasions and intensity. Within that group is a tiny minority of paranoid people who are, literally, quite harmless (except to the financial health of those who have followed their investment advice). They believe in global panic to drive down gold prices, with the co-conspirators being governments, central banks and even some investment banks. (Since these people regard governments and central banks as incompetent, it is odd that they ascribe to them such strategic vision, discipline, co-operation, sustained strategy, efficiency and effectiveness.)

In the annals of full disclosure, I am in Camp No. 3. I consider gold a great investment when I think inflation is well below the consensus expects, and a poor investment most other times.

Except when inflation turns to deflation. Gold is a store of value, not just a hedge against inflation. Since most of us have only known inflation, we have looked on gold as a single-purpose investment vehicle. It's a foul-weather friend—flood or drought.

The last wave of global deflation hit after the Crash of 1929. Gold and gold mining shares were the go-to investments of that era, performing even better than long-term treasury bonds. The most recent experience has been in Japan, and

gold has been a great investment for the Japanese. (Gold is denominated in U.S. dollars and the yen is weak, their stock market has done terribly, their bonds pay less than two per cent and deposits in their shabby banks pay virtually zero.)

Deflation is great news for consumers. Who doesn't like watching prices fall on the things one buys? However, it is bad news for business in two key ways.

First and most obvious is the impact on profit: companies must keep cutting prices to stay in business. The second is more subtle, and ultimately more devastating. Deflation raises the value of debt on the balance sheet in relation to stockholders' equity. During the inflation era, companies know that when they borrowed money through bonds and savings, they repaid the debt with cheap money. Deflation removes that advantage.

No surprise that the most moderate U.S. recession of the century has produced some of history's biggest bankruptcies. No surprise that consumer cars are going bankrupt at record rates.

If the process becomes self-reinforcing, as in Japan, then all financial assets suffer. Gold shines by comparison.

Gold also shines when financial assets lose their lustre because of public disillusionment with financial reporting and the ethical behavior of Wall Street.

Secret: With gold (and gold mining), you know what you get. The collapse of Nasdaq, followed by the bankruptcy of Enron, have provoked widespread revulsion. Wall Street briefly promoted tech stocks and Enron, and shunned investments normally have scorn and hatred for those shills and accountants who bowed them. Gold, by comparison, has almost no friends or promoters on Wall Street, so it naturally looks good by comparison. What is despised and rejected by institutions you have reason to despise and reject should be OK.

If fees about the integrity of financial reporting depress the stock market at a time of a strong economy, gold stocks will be safe. If deflation and doubts about financial honesty combine to produce a new bear market, then bullion prices will rise sharply, and the stocks will be the best-performing equity group.

I'm an optimist, so I believe investors should hold no more than six per cent of their equity portfolio in gold or gold stocks. That said, gold hasn't been so attractive since just before the stock market crash of 1987.

Donald Coxo is chairman of Thorpe Investment Management in Chicago and Toronto-based Jane Howard Investments.

Tech Explorer



Infrared cameras along highways could save lives

Deer reader

Thousands of Canadian drivers every year dole out deer, moose or other animals often falling the best and sometimes themselves. To improve safety and cut down on claims, the Insurance Corporation of British Columbia has taken an interest in InTernTech Inc., and how the Edmonton-based company is using space-board weapons research from NASA to curb the carnage. Last year, I.C.B.C. had about 9,000 road accidents involving animals, causing claims of more than \$20 million. But with funding from ICBC, InTernTech plans to test a roadside infrared camera system designed to warn drivers of cars on or near the highway ahead.

Rainbow Group of Companies, InTernTech's parent, licensed the technology from NASA's Jet Propulsion Laboratory at Pasadena, Calif. NASA developed the hardware to track animals from space as part of the so-called Star Wars defence shield. Beginning in May, InTernTech will test two infrared, laser-reading cameras on Highway 95 in B.C.'s Kootenay region. The cameras detect body heat and software identifies the animal, relaying the information up the road to an electronic sign, which might read "Elk Ahead" and suggest a reduced speed, says Rod Chakraborty, who heads the project. Equipping 2.5 km of road is expected to cost about \$120,000, comparable to financing, says Chakraborty. "It'll better prepare drivers," he says, "for what's up ahead."

A mighty mini

Port Sony CD and MP3 music players seem to get all the ink, often leaving Sony's MiniDisc format sadly neglected.

Yet MiniDiscs have their advantages. At \$5, the discs are much cheaper than the 560 flash-memory cards used in most MP3s. MiniDiscs are also smaller than CDs, yet they sound just as good and are re-recordable. Hoping to cash in, Sony recently launched its latest MiniDisc player. The Net MD Walkman lineup supports a number of music formats, including MP3. It features a USB connection for rapid PC-to-player file transfer, allowing you to fill up their MiniDiscs with 80 minutes of music in under three minutes, depending on the level of sound quality selected. Prices range from \$300 to \$600.

Doreen Henderson



Sony's MZ-N1 MiniDisc player

COOL SITE

The World Wide War

It is a thing that a conflict as massive as the First World War should have a site as all-encompassing as www.worldwar1.com. This electronic home covers the Great War and the century leading up to it with a plethora of timelines, biographies, newspapers and maps. The site partly relies on people's contributions, which include photos of military days before the war, letters, virtual tours of war monuments and bibliographies of books for further reading. The occasional minor error ("Albino [Japanese in western France]" crops into the site, and there are a few bugs, but these are compensated for by the strength of detail surrounding the ghastly slaughter.

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Mary Janigan

The health of nations

It seems only fitting that a former politician who survived Canada's acrimonious, seemingly endless debates over medicine in the 1980s should now bravely tackle the health of medical systems around the globe. In 1996, after a hotly contested internal election, former Liberal cabinet minister Donald Johnston swanned off to Paris to become secretary-general of the 30-member Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development, an elite group that analyzes and prescribes remedies for the economies of industrialized nations. The job comes with a plush apartment, hectic travel and frequent ministerial meetings.

And it is perfect for someone with an insatiable desire to figure out which policies work—and why. Last year, after years of arguing that health is an important economic issue,

used if there is a supply-side incentive: that is, if the hospital or doctor receives a payment for using it. In one study, almost 60 per cent of U.S. men aged 40 to 64 received bypasses or angiography within 90 days after admission for a heart attack, less than 20 per cent of Ontario men did. But mortality rates in the year after the attack were roughly similar. Should the U.S. induce us surgeons? Not necessarily. Other studies show the quality of life for U.S. patients was higher. "Maybe these technologies are used for U.S. patients who are less likely to benefit," says Jacobson. "We do not yet have answers."

For Johnston, the search itself is exhilarating. Born on a small farm near Oranmore in 1936, he put himself through university with scholarships and odd jobs such as coaching tennis, winning McGill University's gold medal in row.

The rowing fueled his own Montreal firm—and co-founded a film production company. A long-time friend of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, he was elected in 1978—and a cabinet member from 1980 to 1984. He is smart, down-to-earth and fine company. (He and a colleague once held a contest to determine who could write the fastest letter about my cockles spanned, Johnston won.) And he has never forgotten

the delicate, highly ideological debate in 1984 over the Canada Health Act, which prohibited provinces that allowed extra billing—but did nothing to supply extra funds.

Canada is still struggling to deliver efficient and equitable care. Dr. David Naylor, the University of Toronto's dean of medicine, points out that Canadians in lower-income neighbourhoods are far more likely to suffer heart disease. That may be explainable. But income-related differences persist in such things as access to cardiac procedures. The truth is that for each increase in neighbourhood income of \$10,000, the risk of death in the year after a heart attack falls by 10 per cent. New studies are probing precisely why. "We cannot manage what we do not measure," Naylor says.

The OECD, in fact, may change practices. Health policy expert Michael Ocker says the very publication of international data may force governments to acknowledge truly problems as voting for surgery. "Political leaders are a little reluctant to be measured on that issue, partly because it may result in an electorate as the warpath with an emotion," he says. "But the proof of internal comparisons may help move the issue from a perceived unsolvable crisis to manageable status." Members may not like what they see in the OECD's mirror. They may try to downplay adverse reports. But it is every citizen's interest that Johnston's quest succeed. ■

A pioneering OECD study will compare medical systems in rich countries—and find what works best

health systems," Johnston says. "But members are spending more on health care than any other area. They have the potential to reap significant gains by adopting best practices."

The project is curiously ambitious. It has already published a guide on how to cut better data for international comparisons. Economists are now comparing payment systems for medical staff, the regulation of hospitals, the efficiency and equity of private and public insurance schemes, the role of medicine and genetic testing and the effectiveness of programs to deal with frail elderly people. The sheer scope of the work is mind-boggling. Although more data collection is in the early stages, working papers have already yielded surprises. To their intense frustration, economists have never been able to detect measurable improvements in a population's health when health budgets are increased. Last year, an OECD study used a different tack. It examined a non-monetary change—an increase in the number of doctors—and concluded that this had a "substantial" effect in reducing mortality. A 10 per cent increase in the number of doctors could cut deaths from heart disease by about 10 per cent.

Research, of course, is merely a single. OECD senior economist Sébastien Jacobson is collating data on the treatment of three conditions—heart disease, stroke and breast cancer—in 20 nations. He found that technology is more likely to be



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People Edited by Shanda DeMet

Acting provocatively

Kasey Carter Bacy admits to having her down apocryphal technique when looking lips with ensemble actors. "Sometimes I pretend I'm kissing Michael Biehn," laughs the Seattle, Oct. 2006 actor, who will only say that she is in her 20s. "It's just easier if you pick someone you'll really like to kiss" in 40 days and 40 nights, Carter Bacy is one of many girls trying to make the adult character played by Josh Hartnett—taken his view of sexuality in the film, Carter Bacy's character uses one of the more clichéd ways of tempting him—by posing as another girl. "It got uncomfortable," she says of this particular kiss, "because I wouldn't keep from wondering what the crew was thinking while they were watching us."

The psychology graduate, who lives in Vancouver where she stars *Doctor Queen* (Post-Season, has played a number of provocative roles. On the new debut TV series *Doctors & Children*, she played Audrey, the boss's daughter, who had a bad and heavy love affair with a man twice her age. And there have been other, riskier roles that she's had to let down. "I was auditioning for a part role on a series once and the script called for the character to do a pole dance," she says. "I said, 'Not a stripper if I am an actor.' " Bacy's special techniques involving Michael Biehn only go so far.



A role of a lifetime

Shane Meier remembers taking a phone call from his room soon after the October 1998, beating death of University of Wyoming student Matthew Shepard. "She said, 'He was sweet and quiet just like you, and they beat him because they found out he was gay,'" recalls Meier. "She was devastated because I looked like this guy and I could happen to anyone."

Three years later, the Salt Lake, Utah-born Meier won the title role in *The Matthew Shepard Story*—a TV movie



Bonnie Raitt is at the top of her game.

And all's Raitt with the world

Talking to Bonnie Raitt is like chatting with a close friend. The 52-year-old Los Angeles-based singer is so caught up in asking questions and offering advice that she occasionally forgets that she is being interviewed. In between takes about Sheryl Crow's recent 40th birthday bash and the joys of yoga, she is disarmingly exuberant and friendly. On age: "I feel like I am 19 or 20. If someone had told me that 50 was going to be this cool, I would never have believed them." On her special place: "The fence. It's not a room and that's why it is my favorite spot." On *Brinkley Spears*: "She usually calls her own shots."

The days of doom are long over.

However, when Raitt finally reaches the topic of her new CD, *Silver Lining*, she talks up quickly. The album—her 16th and named for the track written by British singer-songwriter David Gray—is all about the sheer joy of playing music. "There comes a certain point where you get enough years under your belt and you're in the top of your game," she says. "I can just sit and go anywhere I want." Raitt does just that with songs influenced by African sounds, neo-charm vocals and vintage blues. Good to know even a concerned Raitt hasn't lost the blues.



Judy Shepard and Meier

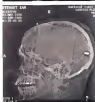
in TV series like *Walker Texas Ranger* and *Call of the Wild*. While the exposure of his latest project will benefit him professionally, playing Matthew Shepard has already changed him personally. "I changed the way somebody sees toward someone else," says Meier, who recently gave a work fundraising and speaking to students in behalf of the Matthew Shepard Foundation, "then I have done what I am supposed to do."

Meier, who splits his time between Vancouver and Los Angeles, has been acting since he was 10 years old, working mostly

Nightmare in West Africa

A Canadian war correspondent recounts how he almost died in Sierra Leone

Ken Stewart, 35, comes from a family of Canadian journalists that includes his uncle Brian Stewart, a prominent foreign correspondent for the CBC. By 1998, Ken, now, was a veteran foreign reporter, serving as West African bureau chief for the Associated Press over several years. Among the wars he covered for AP were the brutal and chaotic warfare in Sierra Leone between rebels and government forces backed by a Nigerian-led coalition of neighbouring states. "Fascinated by the horrific violence—the rebels systematically killed or maimed civilians with machetes—and depriving of the world's indifference to it, Stewart decided to request a transfer. But first, he planned one last trip to Sierra Leone's capital, Freetown, accompanied by two other AP employees, cameramen Myles Tierney, 34, and still photographer David Guttery, 25. As Stewart's African résumé, Freetown, Amharba, monsoon, their back ran out on Jan. 10, 1999, the day the war claimed more journalists.



Right days after he entered hospital with a bullet lodged in the back of his head, Stewart finally left the intensive care unit

With the heavy thud of a wooden door slamming shut, an artillery shell crashed down onto Freetown's Aberdeen peninsula near the Cape Sierra Hotel. My blurry eyes popped open with the shuddering echoes. Slowly, I dragged myself out of bed and peered out the window into the brilliant sunlight dawning off the ocean surf. I gazed out down the coast, smoke still curling up from the many fire engines prowling Freetown's commercial district. "We suddenly seemed uncomfortably near to the unrelenting light of day. I began to feel a burst of panic in my stomach.

Setting out in our station wagons, we joined up with Sierra Leone customs officials on commander John Spencer and his convoy—two jeeps, a truck of volunteers, underliers, and another truck of soldiers. We pulled up on the coast of a small hill. At first, I didn't know why we had stopped. "Supper!" one of the Nigerian soldiers shouted and pointed across the river toward the bowl-shaped soccer stadium. A lone Indian stood post. Then the echoing roar of several more fire by overhead.

bouncing off the craggy cement on the opposite side of the road. Soon, as we got out of the car, the air was filled with the dizzying sound of bursts of automatic fire. With every round, I ducked lower behind our station wagon. My heart raced with that same exhilaration I always felt whenever I came under fire.

Myles, his TV camera propped up on his shoulder, was several yards ahead of me.

He squared in the grass by the side of the road, doing what Myles Tierney did best—capturing on video the stark terror of combat. Looking away from his viewpoint, he peered back at me over his shoulder. I felt his beam with the excitement of a young child who has discovered the amoral nature of war and thrill of getting caught breaking the rules. I breathed more easily when Myles glanced at me; his smile assured me, saying, *It's all over. Everything's going to be fine.*

Slowly, I crawled closer to David and Myles on the roadside, my head ducking with every incoming bullet. I marvelled to myself that we had made it this far. Four gave way to pride and a bit of the bravado that makes a war correspondent feel invincible.

Afterwards, we got back into the station wagon. David slipped into the backseat on the driver's side. Myles and I walked around to the passenger side. Myles would now be spinning us in the back, because Spencer had assigned two bodyguards to ride up front to protect us. Suffering from mild claustrophobia, I hesitated at the door to see if Myles would get in first, leaving me the way by the door. He walked to me. Finally I realized that he needed the window seat to shoot video. I opened the door and slid in beside David. Myles' trunk crumpled in next to me. We approached downriver, moving over a dozen exposed bodies only a few hundred yards from the stadium. It felt as if we were creeping across the bridge.

"We're sitting ducks here, I thought. This is not too dangerous."

"Help that," David said as a subdued but emphatic voice, "You see that?"

I craned my neck to see out the back window.

"See what?"

"Those vehicles carrying the bodies over there."

I looked again, and spotted the group of heavy black-wheeled trucks. One of them rumbled at a snail's pace over a rutted road like a rubber band.

The vehicle groaned in pain.



Three years after being shot, Stewart writes, lectures—and appears on television shows

I felt sick. My chest was heavy, as if someone were standing on it. I struggled to fill my lungs with the damp, heavy air. My shirt, saturated with sweat, stuck to my sides. Myles on my right. David was on my left. The added compensation of their bodies made the cramped backseat suffocating. A twinge of terror gripped me at the slot of being trapped in the car.

I want to get out of here! I thought frantically. I have to get out of here!

My thoughts hovered near panic. I shoved my elbow into Myles and David and spread my legs to claim more space. I still hadn't said a word. "Take it easy man!" Myles finally snapped in response to my squirming. "You're in the office now in the car!"

"If anyone starts shooting," he added as an almost afterthought, "you've got my fist body to protect you."

We continued along the abandoned street for another ten minutes or so (and the convoy stopped near four rebels in jeans and flip-flops. Three of the men nervously checked AK-47 assault rifles in their hands. One of the gunmen wore a black Oakland Raiders stocking cap and dark sunglasses. A second man had a rainbow-colored Rastafarian cap on his head. All four wore khaki army shirts similar to the kind worn by the Nigerian troops. Under his unbuttoned shirt, the third gunman wore an orange-brown tank top. A black bowler hat sat askew on his head.

The Nigerians in our car ordered us to stop. The size of the convoy drove about about a dozen meters. One of our Nigerian bodyguards rolled down his window and leaned out to the gunmen.

"Who are you?" the bodyguard asked, his dialect instantly identifying him as Nigerian. The man in the bowler aimed

The corner of his mouth turned up as he began to chuckle at himself maniacally.

I sat perfectly still and held my breath. Every muscle in my body tensed, my heart pounded in my ears, and my mouth ran dry, my tongue sticking to the back of my teeth.

Myles carefully liked his camera to his shoulder. He peered through the viewfinder.

"Ok, sir," he said.

Before anyone could move, the bowler-topped rebel's AK-47 jumped in his hands; flames belched out of the thin barrel. The window beside Myles exploded as a hail of bullets tore into the side of the white station wagon. A wave of heat flooded the car.

Myles darted forward onto his camera, blood pouring from his head and chest.

My head jolted backward, slamming into the seat. For a split second my left side went rigid, and then I slid sideways onto David's shoulder. I groaned as he pushed me to the floor in case the shooter fired again.

Suddenly I was no longer a war correspondent; we had become the story.

A single bullet had hit me square in the centre of my forehead, just five centimetres above what would have been a fatal hit between the eyes. I would never be able to remember the moment of being shot or the days afterward, but David and other people told me about it much later.

In the blink of an eye, the street erupted with more gunfire as the Nigerians in the lead truck turned fire, killing the shooter and another man. Both fell where they stood as scores of bullets ripped into their bodies. The two other rebels dived down the sidewalk and jumped into the burning-out shell of a Nissan hatchback. A Nigerian with a rocket-propelled grenade launcher

on his shoulder took aim and squeezed the trigger. The grenade exploded with a flash. It whizzed, flying in a spiral toward the wrecked car. The street shook as the grenade slammed into the hatchback. On impact, the grenade lit up the car's gutted interior like a Halloween jack-o'-lantern, killing both rebels instantly.

The convalescing and sword-wielding Bamako—named for the English abolitionist William Wilberforce—as downtown Freetown. In the reception area of Wilberforce's cramped medical clinic, David, dazed and badly cut by flying glass, stopped short at the sight of Myles' body on the floor. "Where is he?" he thought to himself, his eyes quickly surveying the room. Then he spotted me writhing on the floor in my boxer shorts.

The Nigerian bodyguards in our car had dragged me from it by my arms and left me near an examining room, where the medical staff cut away my blood-soaked pants and shirt, slinging to my head wound, I had become comatose and had tried to punch one of them. In response, they bent me at the waist and knees. After an X-ray, the medic and a soldier returned me to my spot on the cement floor. I curled at the top of my lungs and fought my restraints like an animal until my arms and ankles were cut and with rope burns.

"David! Can me free, man!" I shouted, my voice crackling with panic. "You've got to help me!"

"I'm trying to help you," David said, "but you've got to stay calm."

The Nigerian medic reappeared and manacled David into his office.

"What the news, doc?" David's words trailed off as he froze in mid-stride. The medic was holding a portable X-ray of my skull up to the window's light. It clearly showed a bullet—absolutely white against the shadowy negative image—lodged in the back of my skull.

Francis efforts by Guttery, AP and Canadian diplomats managed to get Stewart out of Africa and into London. National Hospital for Neurology and Neurosurgery by 9 p.m. the next night. His struggle to recover his physical and mental health lasted more than a year.

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KNIGHT, HISTORIAN, SPY

Anthony Blunt's enigmatic life opens a window on a Britain long gone

BY BRIAN BETHUNE

Even after Anthony Blunt experienced the most spectacular fall from grace of any Englishman in the 20th century he still had some friends. One asked the 73-year-old Blunt, after then-British prime minister Margaret Thatcher publicly named him as a former Soviet agent in November, 1979, how he had coped with the stress of four decades of deception. "With this," Blunt replied, wearing a glass of whiskey, "and more work and more work." That Blunt's reputation as a modernist patron of art history should be, at least in part, a by-product of his spying, is the most ironic conclusion to be drawn from *Anthony Blunt: His Life* (Douglas & McIntyre). But Miranda Carter also uses her ivory-tanged biography to illuminate 50 years in the history of Britain's elite. "The U.K. has changed so much since then," Carter told *Maclean's*. "Blunt's generation was an imperial overhang, Oxbridge men who think they're going to run the world. And they do—for a while."

Blunt was born in the Chertsey estate of Beaconsfield in 1907, the son of a poor Anglican clergyman and a well-connected wife. Among Blunt's distant maternal cousins was seven-year-old Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, now the Queen Mother. That relationship naturally did him no harm in 1945 when it came to choosing a new surveyor of the king's pictures—custodian of the world's largest private art collection. Unlike George V, who certainly knew what he liked, Blunt (in 1934 he tried to attack a Canadian with his cane), the current royal family had little interest in art. But Blunt's impeccable manners and complete discretion won them over.

Discretion, to the point of extreme compartmentalization, was Blunt by the end of the Second World War, the result not only of eight years of spying, but of his homosexuality. Carter reads carefully around the relationship of Blunt's sexuality to his treason. The impression that greeted his exposure as a spy with daylight was, in a gay man, easily combined the two—



The royal family relied on his impeccable manners and total discretion

Carter recalls, with discreet, tabloid references to the "sophisticated Communist pool." But Blunt's homosexuality was key to his decision to spy. Blunt, Carter shows, was a deeply repressed man, particularly famous at a society that criminalized his very identity. And then there was Guy Burgess.

Outspoken, flamboyantly gay, utterly indiscreet and often hopelessly drunk, Burgess was the glue that held together the quartet he formed with Blunt, Kim Philby and Donald Maclean. Together they were the Cambridge spies—four privileged young men at the elite institution retrained in the Thirties by Soviet agents for their future value. It was Burgess who urged the choice of Blunt, and who persevered in the effort to make him a spy. And Blunt, despairing—like many others his age—of Britain's willingness to combat fascism or the misery of the Depression, was finally inclined to listen. Especially to a man who entranced him as much by his freewheeling lifestyle as by his politics.

Once he had agreed, Blunt—an agnostic who had been raised a militant evangelical Christian—switched his pent-up fervor to his new cause, and to his friend. It was Burgess, whom Blunt had in mind when, after his exposure, he quoted in justification novelist E.M. Forster's famous remark—in gay subtext not noted at the time—that should he ever have to choose between his friend and his country, he hoped he'd have the guts to betray his country. For homosexuals of Blunt's generation, it seemed no choice at all—friends were the only support in a hostile world.

The Soviet spies' aptness turned out to be good as their jobs. During the war Blunt was a member of MIS (British counter-intelligence). Maclean was a diplomat at the British embassy in Washington. Burgess and Philby worked for MI6 (British secret intelligence), where Philby was a rising star. Together they were the most damaging anti-Wincent agents ever known—at least potentially. Success passages in *Anthony Blunt* show

how the inherent passion of intelligence agencies kindled the spies' efficiency. Suspicious Soviet espionage bureaucrats kept musing the obvious question: could the British really be so stupid as to trust four "former" Marxists with their granite accents? The correct answer, "Well, yes, because they're our sort," was never entirely convincing in Moscow.

Maclean was the first to come under British and American suspicion, in 1951. Philby, still in MI6, got wind of it and sure Burgess to warn him. To Philby's fury, Burgess defected with Maclean, getting away cleanly on a Friday afternoon boat to the continent because MI5 didn't work on weekends. That put the spotlight on Philby. (It should have known better than to trust Burgess, whose drink had made increasingly erratic. In 1949, provided with information that could have saved nuclear physicist Klaus Fuchs, a key Soviet spy, Burgess simply forgot to pass it on.) Philby had to leave his MI6 post but avoided arrest. When new evidence against him arose in 1963, Philby escaped to the USSR—while in the Soviet Union can be considered an escape. There is evidence the British allowed him to go, believing his defection would reveal less about their incompetence than a trial.

Blunt, who told his Soviet control that he was "bourgeois to the fingertips" and would rather kill himself than live in a western paradise, found he had no such hard choice to make. He too was swept under the rug, by a secret immunity deal in 1964—two decades after he'd switched his allegiances. If not his loyalties, no scholarship. Blunt died of a heart attack in 1983; he might have passed away full of honors, were it not for the 1979 election of Thatcher—barbarian of a mowed Cold War. Instead he was stripped of his numerous awards, including the knighthood his years of royal service had brought him. "And it damn well serves him right," remarked Thatcher, who felt nothing but contempt for upper-class traitors, and, in fact, for the institutional Establishment in a whole. That was the only point the anti-Blunt would ever have agreed upon.

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FILMS BRIAN D. JOHNSON

Possible worlds

Movies from India and France take us places where Hollywood never goes

WE look to movies for escape, and Hollywood complies by manufacturing worlds that bear little or no resemblance to reality. But maybe it's not reality we're trying to get away from, just the version of it that surrounds us—the jobs, the TV, the daily news of a distant war, the grey pallor of an unexciting winter. And so much Hollywood product seems part of the same suffocating routine. Which is why it's refreshing to see a movie that takes us to another world. I'm not talking about *The Time Machine* (more on that later), but two foreign films, Indian *Monsieur Wedding* and France's *Under the Sand*. The first celebrates life, the latter grapples with death, and while both are essentially removed from North American soil, they connect with emotional realism that are universal.

Monsieur Wedding is the contemporary tale of a Punjabi family staging a lavish wedding at their home in Delhi. It unfolds as a kaleidoscopic swirl of comedy and drama—and of food, fabric, music and dance. Indian director Mira Nair has a great eye for actual detail. Previously, she's used it to explore cultural currents in films such as *Solomon Southey*, *Mississippi Masala* and *Kama Sutra: A Tale of Love*. With *Monsieur Wedding*, she portrays the kind of middle-class family she grew up in. And it's her own accomplished work, a picture that combines the elegance of a Shakespearean comedy with the exuberance of a Bollywood pageant.

Screenwriter Sabina Dhawan deftly weaves half a dozen subplots. Ashi (Vandana Dha) gets cold feet as she heads into an arranged marriage with a Houston engineer (Parvin Dabas)—she's still en-
gaged with her elder, and married, ex-boy



Qar's bride is at the centre of an emotional Monsieur

The bride's father (Naseemuddin Shah) frets over the wedding plans while his own marriage strains at the seams. A volatile catering contractor (Vijay Raaz) is seduced by the family's display of wealth (Tabooza Shereef). The bride's teenage cousin (Neha Dubey) openly flirts with a college student who's come home from Sydney. And, lending the story some dramatic heft, another cousin (Shafiq Sherry) reveals secrets of childhood abuse.

From the opening image of a marigold flower falling apart, *Monsieur Wedding* teems with colour and chaos. In English with occasional bursts of subtitled Hindi and Pun-

jabi, Nair's film stands like a bonfire at a cultural crossroads, and burns with a question fathers ask about daughters the world over: "How did they grow up so quickly, and when did we grow old?"

Under the Sand is a smaller, sadder film, a gem possessed of a quiet inner beauty, with a story as spare as *Monsieur*'s is crowded. Marie (Charlotte Rampling) is an English literature professor in Paris whose husband (Bruno Cimeux) vanishes while she's napping on a beach during their summer holiday. He's presumed drowned, but Marie goes into denial over his death, insisting that he's still with her even as she takes a lover.

Directed by François Ozon, *Rampling* is a revelation. At 57, she's still sexy, with luminous eyes that shift through sea changes of uncertainty, from melting to cold to fragile. The French have a thing for enticing older women—check out Isabelle Huppert in *La Pianote*—and that's a nice change from Hollywood, where they are simply put out to pasture.

The *Time Machine* is another tale of someone clinging to the memory of a dead lover. Based on the H.G. Wells story and directed by great-grandson Simon Wells, it's about a scientist (Guy Pearce) who invents a time machine to undo his fiancée's death. He travels 800,000 years into the future—to a post-apocalyptic Manhattan where the world is split between cliff-dwelling, Polynesian-like pacifists and an underworld of megalomaniac, cave-dwelling evildoers. The cliff-dwellers have cool bamboo windmills and stylish lanterns. But life is too short for a movie this dumb, and I only wish I had a machine to go back the time to watch it. **B**

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White says ATP rules

How to woo back the audience

Like most Canadian playwrights, Calgary's Eugene Seckland is not in it for the fame, money or glory. "Let's face it," says Seckland, "this is a lonely and often frustrating profession." Still, the 45-year-old Regina native is happier than most for the past eight years he has served as writer-in-residence at Calgary's Alberta Theatre Projects, where five of his plays have premiered, including *Mostly*, which recently completed a run as part of ATP's annual

PostCanadian playwrights festival. "Two years ago, though, Seckland's employer appeared headed for oblivion. Over \$750,000 in debt and losing patrons, ATP launched a desperate bid to drum up \$1 million from private sources—and to reconnect with its audience. That it succeeded on both counts, says Seckland, is good news for theatre-goers beyond Calgary. "There are precious few showcases for Canadian plays. This is a special place and we almost lost it."

The phoenix-like recovery of 30-year-old ATP may also hold some lessons for arts organizations across the country. Bob White, who has worked with the company since 1987 and became artistic director during the depths of ATP's financial crisis in late 1993, class the most basic one: never lose touch with your audience. White says ATP earned a reputation for a steady diet of heavy, issue-oriented plays. "One subscriber described it as like being at a particularly strenuous Sunday morning at the United Church." By the fall of 1999, ATP, which uses the 450-seat Martha Cohen Theatre, had a mere 1,800 subscribers, down from the 5,000-plus season tickets it sold, on average, a decade earlier. Single ticket sales were also in a tailspin, and the theatre was in real danger of going dark.

White, who had convened playfests—a showcase of new Canadian works—for a decade, was named artistic director in November, 1999. His first moves were to slash ATP's \$3.5-million annual operating budget by more than 20 per cent and to launch an ultimately successful, \$1-million fundraising campaign. He also developed a more crowd-pleasing playlist: balancing the serious and comedic, and focusing on the character-driven plays that ATP's audience could relate to. One thing that has not changed is ATP's focus on fostering Canadian plays, many of which later travel across the country and abroad.

As a result, ATP subscriptions have edged up while single-ticket sales for the first half of the 2001-2002 season increased 70 per cent from the same period a year earlier. "There's a shocking disconnect about people here," says White. "You can do something that piques them off, but they want to be able to talk to you about it. I love that sense of engagement."

—Brian Bellows

Forgotten Mountie wives

Twenty-five years ago, *Mountie*, much of it served in the back end of legend, and Harold Clark still finds writing a book was perhaps his hardest job ever. Especially one critical of his beloved RCMP. "Like telling tales about journalism," says the 62-year-old, who left the force in 1969. "The *Clayton Stacey* 'Man' (Clayton is Clark's tribute to the woman who saved alongside his Mountie husbands in the first half of the 20th century. Others in one-man rural stories had huge families.

to cover. In their absence, their when not only ran the phones and sorted out minor squabbles, but also kept prisoners in cells built into their homes and saved for children whose mothers had been jailed. Out women usually sitting in the kitchen, giving a drink, suggest, for Mountie families, before he went outside to type a report, gave her a long flashlight and told her to look the prisoner if he got out of bed. But the book's main purpose is to tell what Clark calls a "mean, mean story" thing of the sunbathing



1,000 widows of lower-ranking Mounties who served before 1940—women whose unpaid labor saved the federal government millions—in is partly because their pension benefits ceased when their husbands died. Clark is angry that pre-war class biases—Others did hand benefits for the widows of commissioned. Even still, meanwhile, Clark, who plans to donate any profits to charity, says he wrote the *Upstart* "Mean" to "show the government its dirt during the night living."

—Brian Bellows

Don't be afraid to ask

Why don't you ask appear in story at *asking*? Both follow work-up, and those who think that can be only slightly more enlightening than are scraps will be disappointed to learn there is a natural answer to this. (The car has seen some since morning and it's coming to see if it happens again.) The query is one of 101 in Bob McDonald's *Quirks & Quacks* (Quirk Books & Stewart). The questions come from letters to CBC Radio's popular science program, the answers from Canadian experts chosen for their ability to explain sometimes complex matters in accessible language. Hans-Dieter Sack, a University of Toronto zoologist, for instance, does a nice turn guessing what dinosaurs might have used like "really large chickens that had been based for a very long time in a pine needle marmoset."



Best-Sellers

| Fiction | ATP/MS |
|--|--------|
| 1. <i>THE KIDNAPERS</i> , John Grisham (12) | 1 |
| 2. <i>THE KIDNAPERS</i> , John Grisham (12) | 2 |
| 3. <i>THE KIDNAPERS</i> , John Grisham (12) | 3 |
| 4. <i>THE KIDNAPERS</i> , John Grisham (12) | 4 |
| 5. <i>THE KIDNAPERS</i> , John Grisham (12) | 5 |
| 6. <i>THE KIDNAPERS</i> , John Grisham (12) | 6 |
| 7. <i>THE KIDNAPERS</i> , John Grisham (12) | 7 |
| 8. <i>THE KIDNAPERS</i> , John Grisham (12) | 8 |
| 9. <i>THE KIDNAPERS</i> , John Grisham (12) | 9 |
| 10. <i>THE KIDNAPERS</i> , John Grisham (12) | 10 |
| 11. <i>THE KIDNAPERS</i> , John Grisham (12) | 11 |
| 12. <i>THE KIDNAPERS</i> , John Grisham (12) | 12 |

| Nonfiction | ATP/MS |
|--|--------|
| 1. <i>THE KIDNAPERS</i> , John Grisham (12) | 1 |
| 2. <i>THE KIDNAPERS</i> , John Grisham (12) | 2 |
| 3. <i>THE KIDNAPERS</i> , John Grisham (12) | 3 |
| 4. <i>THE KIDNAPERS</i> , John Grisham (12) | 4 |
| 5. <i>THE KIDNAPERS</i> , John Grisham (12) | 5 |
| 6. <i>THE KIDNAPERS</i> , John Grisham (12) | 6 |
| 7. <i>THE KIDNAPERS</i> , John Grisham (12) | 7 |
| 8. <i>THE KIDNAPERS</i> , John Grisham (12) | 8 |
| 9. <i>THE KIDNAPERS</i> , John Grisham (12) | 9 |
| 10. <i>THE KIDNAPERS</i> , John Grisham (12) | 10 |
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Ulster? Not us, thanks

Last year, I spent two months biking across Northern Ireland. I was following the Ulster Way, an 800-km route that seemed to exist only in the imagination of local tourist bureaus. A good deal of my time was spent stomping about in the rain, arms flailing wildly as I cursed the quaint lack of signage in Ireland.

I was on one of those ill-advised "annual homeland" trips of which we North Americans are so implacably fond. My grandfather was a Belfast orphan, you see, and I thought that somehow I could "reconnect with my past" by wading through muddy fields for two months on blessed feet. My trip took me through every county and region—Protestant and Catholic, Orange and Green—but my proudest achievement was this: I think I introduced a new joke to the Irish.

Here's how it goes. An Irishman mixes a game from his home and is presented a single wish in return—but only on the condition that whatever he receives, his neighbour will receive double. The Irishman thanks for a moment and then says, "Can you put out one of me eyes?" The sternest punchline is "Can you lose one half to death?"

Either way, it was greeted with rousing approval by the people of Ulster, who have a certain affliction for their own shortcomings. "Yes, it's true all right," they would say, proudly. I was surprised they hadn't heard the joke before. Northern Ireland, where after a war of 36?

In the wake of the current peace accord, I had naively assumed that all would be sunshine and smiles in the Land of Ulster, but no. The tribal allegiances and dark undercurrents were still there, nothing just below the surface, forming like a apocryphal Ulster in a land mired in its own past.

"This isn't a country," said one teenager. "It's a intestine." Two schools, mutually antagonistic and nursing old grudges. Sounds familiar, no? So why didn't Canada descend into similar sectarian violence? Why didn't we become the New World's Northern Ireland? After all, we're built upon even deeper fault lines: French, English, Catholic, Protestant, the accepted and the competing.

The simile is also similar with the October Crisis of 1970 paralleling the Bloody Sunday uprisings of Derry in 1972. In both cases, a belligerent minority lashed out at the establishment: francophones in Quebec, Catholics in Derry. Both strains, civil rights were suspended and martial law declared.



Since 1970, we haven't seen this sight

So why didn't Canada also spiral into a vicious circle of attack and reprisal? I always assumed it was Pierre Trudeau's decision War Measures Act that did the trick, stopping Quebec's nascent terrorist movement dead in its tracks. But the British took the same approach following Bloody Sunday.

The real difference? In Northern Ireland, the troops have stayed for 30 years. More than 3,000 people died during the Troubles. In Canada, the tally—including bombing victims and assassinations since 1867—stands at exactly seven.

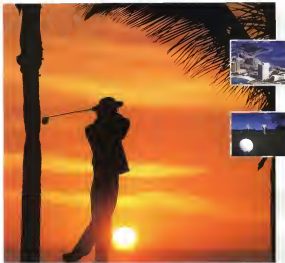
On its own, the War Measures Act resolved nothing. It was a counterpunch, not a knockout blow. So what did rescue us? A preliminary report by the Royal Commission on Bilingualism and Biculturalism. That's what saved us, not the presence of armed troops in the streets. It was this new-figured royal commission that led directly to the Official Languages Act of 1969, the terms of which were being implemented even as the bombs were going off in Montreal.

Canada's Official Languages Act undercuts both the power and the appeal of the FLQ message. It became harder and harder for Quebec radicals to portray themselves as being oppressed. In Canada, repression wasn't a downward violence was. And beginning in 1976, the de facto elected Parti Québécois was allowed to bring in a series of constitutional language laws that restricted English and promoted French. These laws, monthly, took the wind out of the separatist sails. In Canada, we bent so as not to break. Today, the most hate-filled moment in the Quebec National Assembly would be considered a moderate in the sectarian world of Northern Ireland.

Following the Bloody Sunday riots, the British were withdrawing and unfeeling, and the result was a guerrilla war that spanned three decades. Imagine the October Crisis of 1970 lasting 30 years. Imagine the FLQ with wildling a puppet-master influence on the political agenda. Imagine RCMP armoured barricades behind buildings and more war. Imagine.

On St. Patrick's Day, Canadians have much to celebrate. The least of which is the fact that we are not the Ulster of North America, that we are not the punchline to a particularly pungent joke. Canada escaped from the brink by a very close margin. How very apt.

Will Ferguson is the author of *Canadian History for Dummies* and the co-author of *How to be a Canadian*.



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